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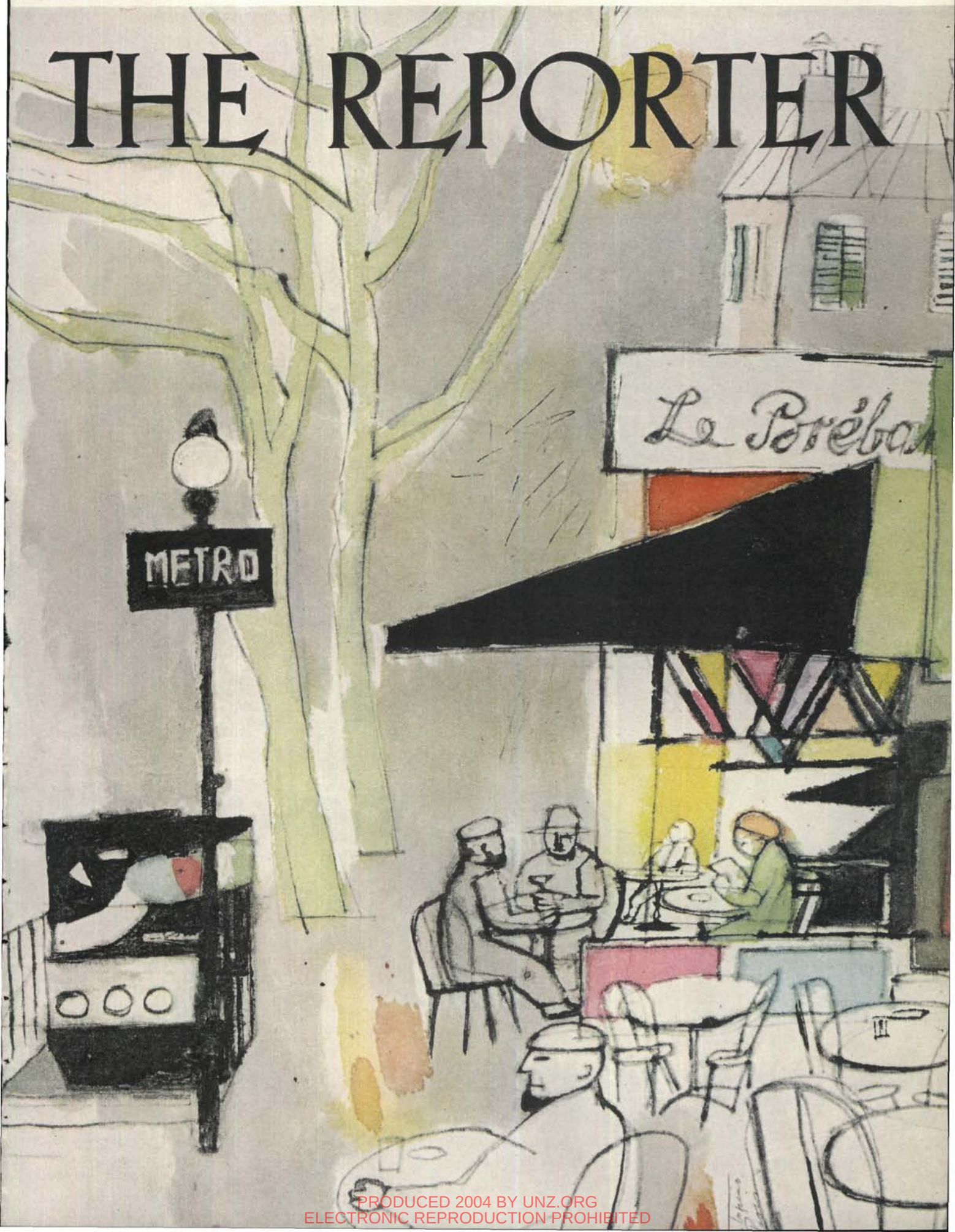
June 20, 1963 35¢

Birth Control, Welfare Funds, and Illinois Politics

THE REPORTER



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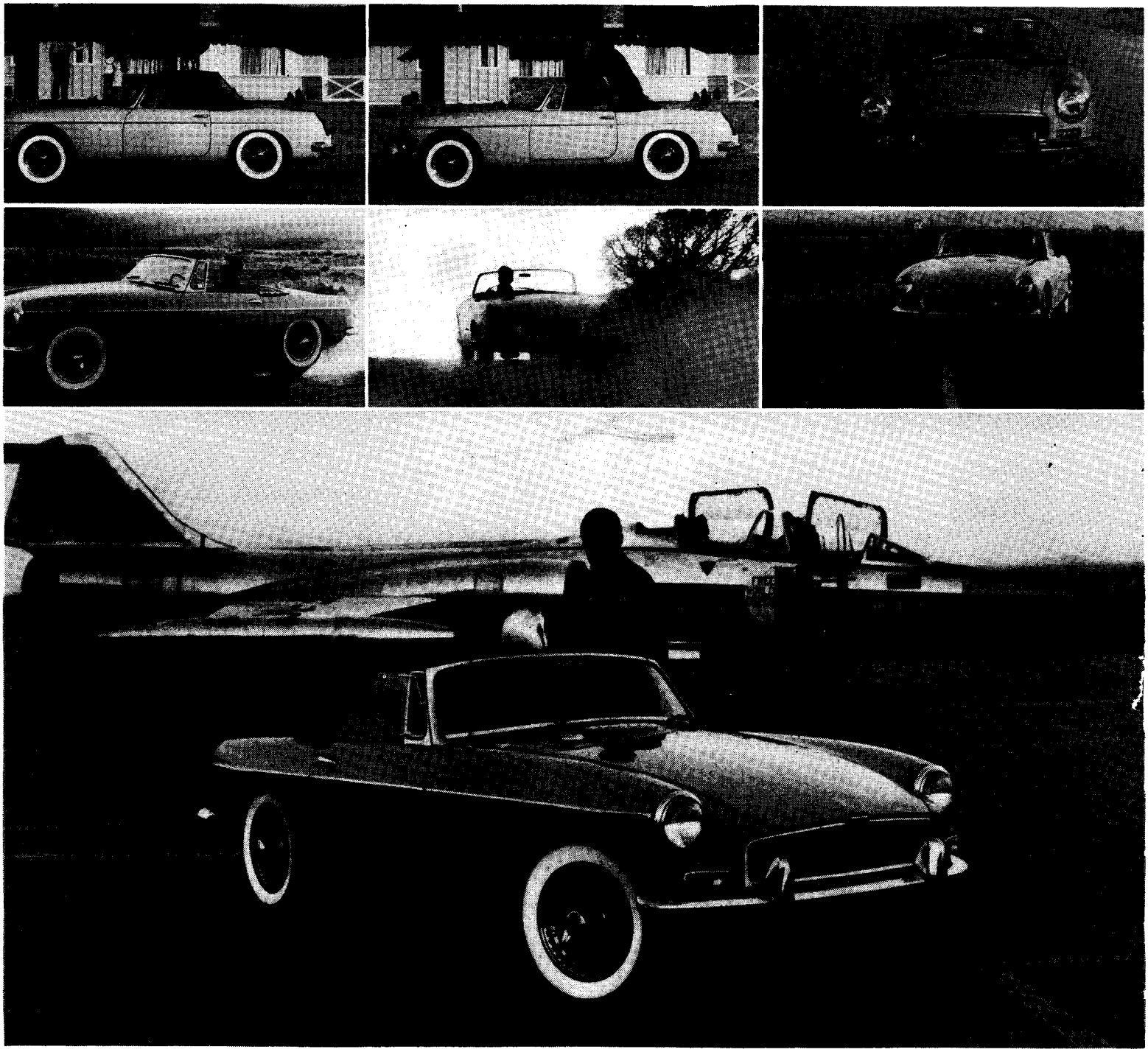

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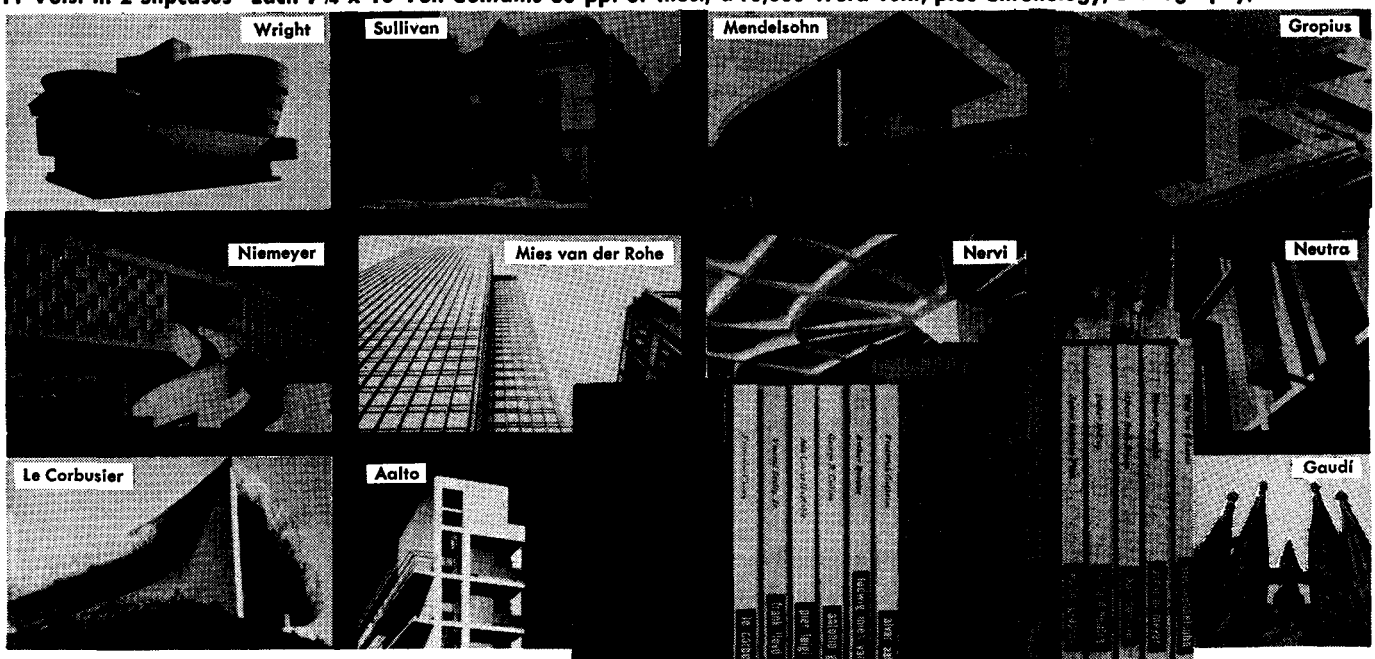

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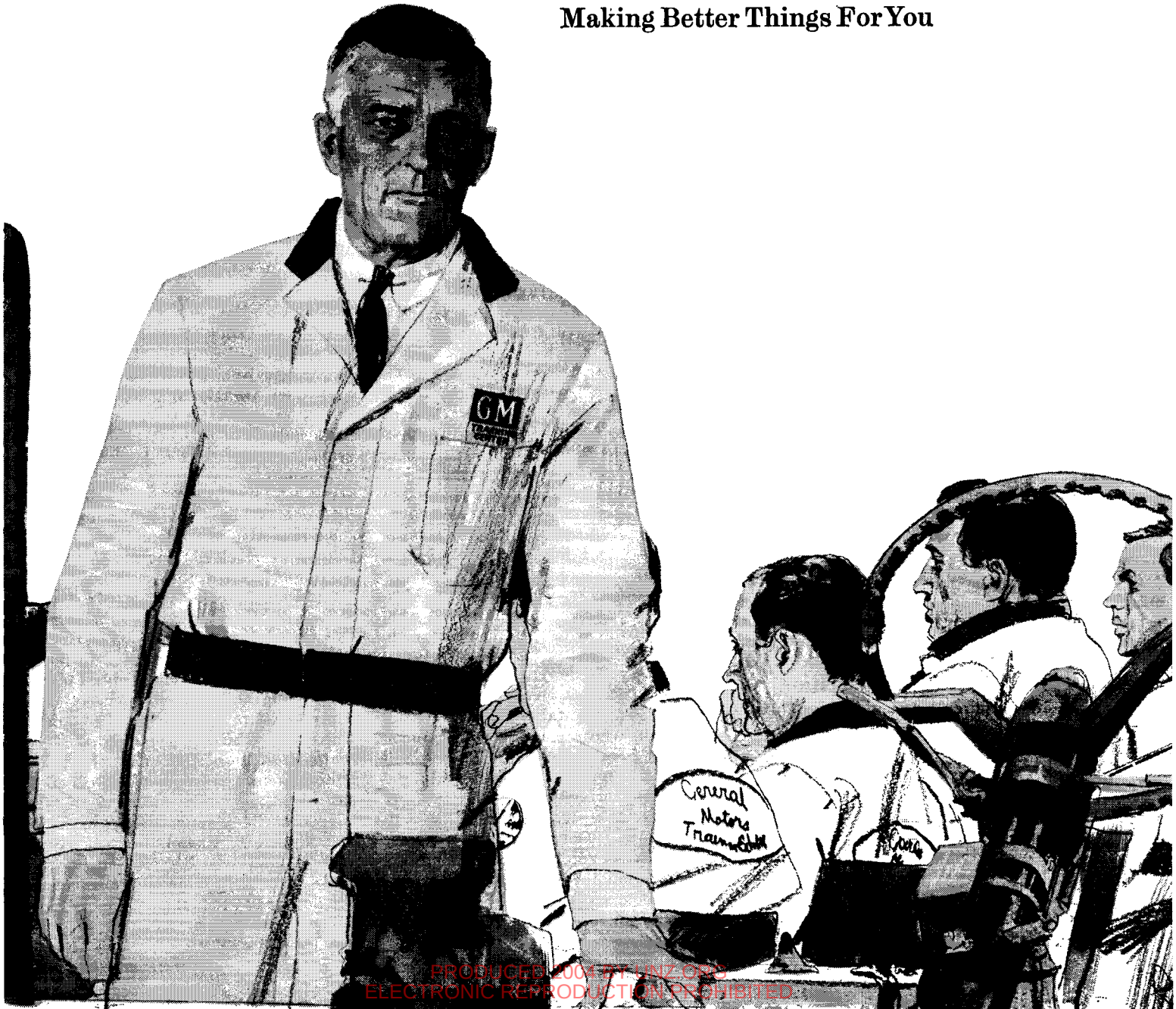

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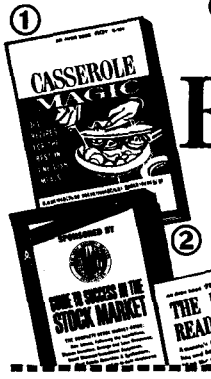

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IT WAS just fifteen years ago that Jan Masaryk fell or was pushed from a window in Prague when the Popular Front government that had been governing Czechoslovakia turned into a plain Communist dictatorship. We are confident that it won't happen again in the countries of Europe where Communists are seated in democratically elected parliaments. For one thing, the Communists have only been able to seize power where they had the backing of the Red Army. And yet now, fifteen years later and after much has been forgotten, there are ominous signs. In Italy, as **Max Ascoli** points out in his editorial, the alliance between Socialists and Communists has certainly not been broken by the opening to the Left. And in France, as **Edmond Taylor** reports, the idea of a Popular Front has gone even further—partly, it must be admitted, because the prospects of the parties on the Left forming a government are practically nonexistent as long as there is a man named de Gaulle in France. All in all, the threat of a new Prague is not imminent. Yet things have gone far enough to justify a steady alert.

IN CLASSICAL ANTIQUITY seafarers in the Strait of Messina steered clear of the whirlpool Charybdis and the siren monster Scylla on a rock nearby. Today the myth survives in the name of Scilla, a village on the rocky toe of Italy, where the Roman artist **Adriano Zannino** has sketched the swordfishermen and their boats. . . . Deep changes are taking place in the tradition-bound state of Kentucky, none so revealing as the defeat of that corniest Kentucky Colonel of them all, A. B. "Happy" Chandler, by a businesslike newcomer, Edward T. Breathitt, in the Democratic gubernatorial primary. **James A. Maxwell,** a free-lance writer, covered what was probably Chandler's last campaign. . . . The success or failure of President Kennedy's Trade Expansion Act will depend on how we come to terms with the Common Market nations. **Peter Forbath,** who reports on the Common Market from Brussels for McGraw-Hill World News service, discusses the problems encountered by the U.S. negotiators in a significant meeting with the Six at Geneva, where preparatory talks have begun in the difficult process of lowering the rates of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. . . . "One of my jobs," the Vice-Presidential candidate remarked with pride, "was to look after a couple of little republics that our navy is running." One of the republics was Haiti, and the Vice-Presidential candidate was former Assistant Secretary of the Navy Franklin D. Roosevelt. The U.S. government is much more discreet about its intervention in Caribbean affairs these days. Indeed, as **George Sherman** of the Washington *Evening Star* points out, if any of our neighbors to the south even frown, we are apt to do nothing at all. . . . Africans who have studied abroad find themselves in great demand as officials of newly established governments when they go home. **Paul Conklin,** a free-lance writer recently in West Africa, tells of two idealistic Nigerians who have put their knowledge to work on a humble farm, where they think it may do the most good for their countrymen. . . . The education of Arnold H. Maremont in the delicate matter of what can and cannot be said in public about the controversial matter of public welfare was a painful one, but **Hal Bruno** of *Newsweek's* Chicago bureau points out that the outspoken Mr. Maremont has at least gotten people talking about some of the real issues in Illinois.

ONE CAN ARGUE about the economics of Soviet collective farming, but the excerpt from a Russian short story by **Fyodor Abramov** that we publish in this issue shows once again that the basic ingredient of most governmental problems, even in the Soviet Union, is people. . . . Whenever people talk about television, a major complaint is that commercials intrude where they shouldn't. **Alan Levy** reports on a film festival in which nothing—no Western, no music, no debate—was allowed to intrude on the commercials. Mr. Levy is the author of several books, including *Operation Elvis* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). . . . We are pleased to publish a poem by the late **Dilys Laing.** . . . **Justin O'Brien,** chairman of the department of French at Columbia University, edited and translated *The Journals of André Gide* (Knopf). . . . **Hilton Kramer,** a frequent contributor, has been a visiting member of the faculty at Bennington this past year. . . . **Robert P. Knapp, Jr.,** is a New York attorney who has often reviewed books on military subjects in our pages.

Our cover for this issue is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

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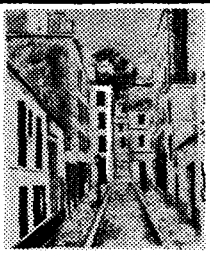

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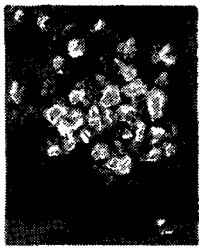

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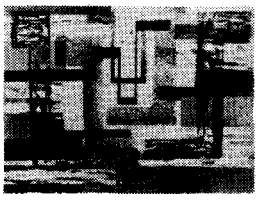

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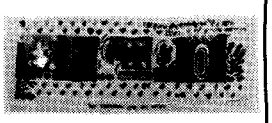

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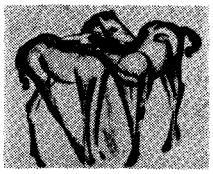

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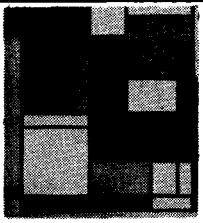

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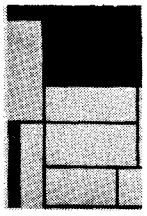

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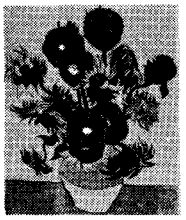

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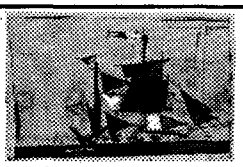

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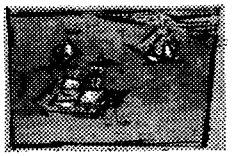

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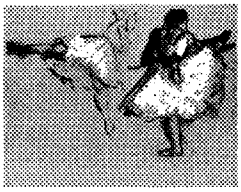

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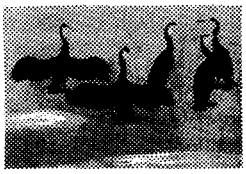

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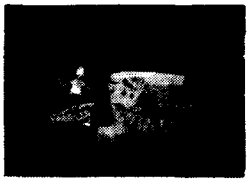

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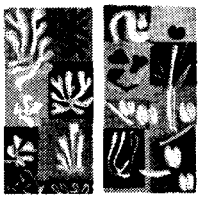

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CORRESPONDENCE

PACEM IN TERRIS

To the Editor: Your May 23 editorial on Pope John XXIII's *Pacem in Terris* was a perceptive treatment of an unusual document. Like the Reverend John Courtney Murray in a recent *America* article, you discerned the remarkable optimism in this papal document. Father Murray's treatment is more juridical and political (may I say historical?) than yours, and where he found a "difficulty" in Pope John's optimism, you found a "boundless faith." So be it.

Yet I must take exception to your statement concerning the civil and spiritual rights of man, that ". . . the Pope finds their eternal, inalienable source in the nature of man." This assertion is not only, as you say, "dangerous" but also inaccurate. Pope John said men *have* rights, and that the moral order, which includes man's rights, "has its source in the one true God, who is personal and transcends human nature." In this particular, Pope John differed not at all from his predecessors.

Finally, I must object slightly that your left and liberal hand takes away what your right hand bestows. Why say we should not look toward the past and then conclude, in a warning fashion, about "critical [why not eternal?] vigilance toward the Church's intervention in things political"? Such a conclusion is in double danger of inconsistency and of pessimism, while Pope John's encyclical calls for optimism.

FRANK L. KEEGAN
Georgetown University
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: I hope to live long enough to read that you have come to admit that the changes that have taken place in the Communist countries have some positive significance for me. This is all that the Pope was saying. The fact of revisionist Communism and the many gradations in the Communist world from Poland to China make constructive coexistence with some Communist countries possible and alter considerably what is at stake in the cold war. It is the complete rejection of this idea in your editorials that has troubled me for some time.

(REV.) JOHN C. BENNETT, Dean
The Union Theological Seminary

To the Editor: As a discerning observer and student of the Italian currents—political and ecclesiastical—you have authentically described and identified the attitude of the Bishop of Rome in contradistinction to that of the Curia and most of the bishops and priests in Italy. In a word, the Pope shed the mentality that has been dominant since the Council of Trent—one of negativism and condemnation—bringing to life the heretofore dormant principles intrinsic in the Judeo-Christian tradition, perhaps the supreme qualities of religion, peace, and love. To what degree the Pope's efforts will overtake the stress on peace by the Communists remains to be seen, but at least these hopes of mankind will not be gauged by the application of any one party line but by the adoption of universal principles coming from religion and the conscience of mankind. I must add that condemnation by the Church does not imply "eternal damnation" or "the threat of hell." As a matter of fact, one thing the Church has consistently held—that conscience is the court of final decision for the individual—is so sacred that no church dare intrude.

(REV.) GEORGE B. FORD
New York

To the Editor: This is the most illuminating comment I have seen on the political effect and connotations of Pope John's encyclical.

HAROLD E. FEY, Editor
The Christian Century
Chicago

SOVIET PLOTS

To the Editor: Allen B. Ballard, Jr.'s, "A Barnyard View of Soviet Agriculture" (*The Reporter*, May 23) would have been more enlightening if he had gone out to the fields. The peasants may be an "obstacle" to progress, but their private endeavors produce 45 per cent of Russia's vegetables, 50 per cent of the meat and milk, and 70 per cent of the potatoes. Needless to say, their plots are small and their livestock holdings minimal; assuredly, they do not have modern machinery. When this "obstacle" is removed, however, the urban consumer should prepare for a deluge of puffed wheat.

MELVIN A. GOODMAN
Russian and East European Institute
Bloomington, Indiana

BUDGETMANSHIP

To the Editor: The major thesis of "Are We Looking at the Wrong Budget?," by Willard W. Howard (*The Reporter*, May 23), appears to be that although the Federal budget has been running into deficits more often than not in recent years, the situation is not so bad as it might seem. This is trivially obvious—indeed, the Gross National Product is increasing faster, proportionately, than the national debt, and the government's total borrowing power and ability to repay are clearly rising sufficiently to ward off immediate doom. The datum presented by Mr. Howard to support his thesis, however, consists of the fact that while the government has run a net deficit of $33.9 billion since 1947, the assets of the trust funds for which the Federal government is executor have increased by $32.2 billion in the same time. If Mr. Howard had chosen to cite the billions in surplus crops or the timber value of the national forests as assets, to be subtracted from the national debt, a case

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could be made. If anything could ever conceivably foreclose the debt on the government, these would be tangible goods. The trusts, however, are not available to meet the obligations of the government, and if they ever should be made available they would become the "cruel hoax" they were described as in the 1930's. A life-insurance firm does not subtract its total claims paid from its total premiums received and distribute the remainder to the stockholders, as Mr. Howard says our Social Security System should do.

Senator Byrd very probably does try to misrepresent the affairs of the country to the American people, as the article implies, but I fail to see how Mr. Howard is much of an improvement.

JACQUES B. J. READ
Teaneck, New Jersey

To the Editor: "Are We Looking at the Wrong Budget?" beats a dead horse. The Federal budget for 1964 *was* presented on a consolidated cash basis. So his question is now academic.

It was not too meaningful a question anyway. The government uses different fiscal accounts for different purposes. The administrative budget is a management and policy tool, and will necessarily continue to be that. The cash statement is not a budget at all, but an account of the flow of Federal funds to and from the public. The trust funds make the biggest difference between the two accounts. This is too well recognized to be belabored, though a curious inconsistency of Mr. Howard's may be noted. He favors a comprehensive cash statement, including the trust funds, because it has minimized the record of deficits; but when general use of excess trust-fund receipts increases the debt, he calls it "spurious" debt.

The real point Mr. Howard was making, however, has nothing to do with differing forms of budgets or debts. He simply wants to break down what barriers there may be to greater Federal spending, because he believes that more such spending is needed for "urgent national problems."

Without doubt, the most urgent problem we face nationally is lagging economic growth. But the deficit-spending efforts of several administrations have not succeeded in accelerating our growth rate. Priming the pump with consumption spending has *not* achieved top-level economic performance. Therefore many thoughtful people stress the need to increase capital spending, investment in the productive equipment of the economy. But this would be accomplished by tax-rate reform, not by more government spending. It is not the expansion of Federal fiscal power but the expansion of capital spending in the private sector that will best release our economic potential.

JO BINGHAM
Government Economy Committee
National Association of
Manufacturers
New York

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The Holy Father

During four long days it was as if countless men and women all over the world were watching at his deathbed, with eyes moist at times, and in their heart a wish: rest in peace, poor dear old man. When the end came, probably many more people felt like kneeling down to pray than could find room in all the Catholic places of worship in the world —Christians and Jews who worship God according to their different rituals and those antagonistic to any ritual. Or perhaps when he died all prayed for him the same way, no matter where and how, in a long moment of silence.

There is no single *why* for all this. All one can say is that it happened. He had not been known for long; only five years ago his name was utterly unfamiliar to most of those who grieved over his death. During his brief pontificate, he worked tirelessly to prove that a plain simple man can be utterly himself at the highest pinnacle of the Catholic hierarchy. He never acted as a model for his own monument.

It is a formidable thing, the Catholic Church. Historically rooted and tightly organized, it is the oldest International. It is a living institution in whose structure, throughout its long history, greed and corruption and evil have found their place and from which men have emerged who have given mankind some of the purest embodiment of goodness. It is a matter of historic record that over and over again, through incredible circumstances and with incredible material, the Church has worked out its own salvation.

Angelo Giuseppe Roncalli was already an old man when he found himself the head of this institution whose function it is, according to its canons, to provide a link between this material, time-bound world and the spiritual eternal one. The old priest proved to be equally at home in both from the very beginning of his reign. To him the revelation that made him call the Ecumenical Council was an entirely normal fact in his life. It is doubtful whether any other Pontiff was less inclined to pontificate. He lived up to the unique dignity of his office with ingrained, unalterable simplicity.

He was at ease with himself, and therefore he could make all who came in contact with him feel at ease. The news got around and became a matter of widespread knowledge: the head of the Roman Catholic Church was a man who gave to everyone the gift of fatherly understanding. Even non-Catholics who were received by him and sometimes felt embarrassed by the ceremonial could not help calling him Holy Father.

SHORTLY before his death, he issued his encyclical on peace. It was like a prayer, addressed to God and to man by an old dying priest whose whole life had been dedicated to serving both. Then the end came, and from all over the world expressions of grief poured into the Vatican. The powerful of the earth grieved for him, the leaders of nations, and countless ones who are led.

We like to believe, indeed we do believe, that each expression of sorrow and loss came straight from the heart, out of no other reason than love for John XXIII. He deserved it.

—M.A.

To Mr. Baldwin

Thirteen years ago we asked a promising young writer named James Baldwin to write of his reactions as an American Negro in Paris, where he was then working on his first novel. In two very moving paragraphs of the article he sent us, Mr. Baldwin described the new perspective his travels had given him on some of the people he met—people from Africa with black skins and people from America with white skins.

"They face each other, the Negro and the African," he wrote, "over a gulf of three hundred years—an alienation too vast to be conquered in an evening's good will, too heavy and too double-edged ever to be trapped in speech. This alienation causes the Negro to recognize that he is a hybrid. Not a physical hybrid merely: In every aspect of his living he betrays the memory of the auction block and the impact of the happy ending. In white Americans he finds reflected —repeated, as it were, in a higher key—his tensions, his terrors, his tenderness. Dimly and for the first time, there begins to fall into perspective the nature of the roles they have played in the lives and history of each other. Now he is bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh; they have loved and hated and obsessed and feared each other and his blood is in their soil. Therefore he cannot deny them, nor can they ever be divorced.

"The American Negro cannot explain to the African what surely seems in himself to be a want of manliness, of racial pride, a maudlin ability to forgive. It is difficult to make clear that he is not seeking to forfeit his birthright as a black man, but that, on the contrary, it is precisely this birthright which he is struggling to recognize and make articulate. Perhaps it now occurs to him that in this need to establish himself in relation to his past he is most American, that this depthless alienation from oneself and one's people is, in sum, the American experience."

THERE IS very little "maudlin ability to forgive" in what Mr. Baldwin has been writing these days. The hate seems to have burned out the love entirely. And in his current best-seller, *The Fire Next Time*, he

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holds out very little hope indeed for anything that might be called a "happy ending." Perhaps Mr. Baldwin's book, much of which first appeared among the perfume and jewelry ads of the *New Yorker*, has served a useful purpose in shocking a certain number of complacent Northerners into a fuller realization of what it must be like to be a Negro in the United States today. For while the Negro's struggle to achieve his full rights as a citizen has probably made more progress in the last decade than in the previous half century, even the Supreme Court's momentous decision on school desegregation with which the decade began has been carried out with a speed that must strike Negroes as altogether too deliberate.

Unfortunately, this is a situation made to order for demagogues. Responsible Negro leaders are constantly being dismissed as Uncle Toms, and the Black Muslims are getting more and more publicity all the time. In these circumstances, it is distressing to see a fine writer like James Baldwin compromise his own position as an artist and a critic by letting himself be cast as a public apostle of despair. He has suddenly become the hero not only of many impatient Negroes but of a curious sect of rather masochistic white intellectuals who somehow love to wallow in a guilt that they scarcely have the right to claim for themselves. Even the President's brother has seen fit to make a journey from Washington to New York in order to let Mr. Baldwin and some of his friends sound off about how little they think of the administration's efforts to protect and extend the civil rights of all citizens.

There is indeed no happy ending on the horizon, and no one should be surprised that Negroes in both North and South are less and less willing to wait patiently for the rights they feel they are entitled to now. But we ourselves are a good deal less impressed by the impatience of a man like James Baldwin than by that of a man like Martin Luther King, of whom Mr. Baldwin has chosen to speak with an amazing condescension.

It may seem bold and brave to prophesy that there will be more hate and violence and even bloodshed before this tragedy has run its course. (There will be.) And it may seem foolish and weak to work for some kind of understanding, however imperfect, with nonviolence and moderation and even love. But James Baldwin should understand better than most men that Dr. King "is not seeking to forfeit his birthright as a black man, but that, on the contrary, it is precisely this birthright which he is struggling to recognize and make articulate."

Colonialism in Congress

The splash of Gordon Cooper's space capsule in the Pacific all but drowned out press coverage of a Congressional hearing at that time which has set off a widespread commotion in Puerto Rico. In response to a resolution of the Puerto Rican legislature, the House Interior subcommittee on Territorial and Insular Affairs met to consider a bill that would cause the Commonwealth status of Puerto Rico to be redefined by a commission appointed by Congress, the President, and Governor Luis Muñoz Marín. A referendum would follow to allow the islanders another chance to express their preference for a "perfected" Commonwealth status, statehood, or independence, and so that "no doubt may remain about the non-colonial nature" of the island's status. An overwhelming majority approved the Commonwealth idea in a 1950 referendum and has continued to reelect Muñoz by wide margins over his nearest rival, the Statehood Republican Party, which is affiliated with the mainland Republicans.

The hearings, however, provided a new reminder that one should never underestimate the eagerness of congressmen to engage in partisan politics. Adam Clayton Powell is not a member of the Interior subcommittee. But he is a statehood man with ambitions, it is said, to become a U.S. senator from Puerto Rico some day. To him, he told the subcommittee, Commonwealth status is "perfumed colonialism." Another olfactory judgment came from the senior Republican member, John P. Saylor of Pennsylvania, whose verdict on the bill was, "This whole thing stinks." Representative Saylor said that in his view, Puerto Rico had not been freed from its colonial status even by passage of the Commonwealth Act in 1950.

Members of the Statehood Republican Party, carried away by the spectacle of Muñoz getting hell from their Republican sponsors, testified that the governor was a dictator who had American flags "snatched away" from "men, women, and children who brought them to parades," and island Senator Arturo Ortiz Toro said that were it not for the protection of Old Glory, Muñoz would have put him to the "*paredón*"—shot, Castro-style.

One can easily imagine the glee with which Castro must have greeted this American support for his continuing attacks on the man who, more than any other American, has enhanced our prestige in Latin America and worked with Rómulo Betancourt of Venezuela and José Figueres of Costa Rica to counter Castro's subversion in the Caribbean, and whose administration has more than doubled the per capita income in Puerto Rico.

"The U.S. and Puerto Rico," Muñoz replied, "have suffered from the continued accusation of colonialism . . . in bad faith by Communists and anti-Americans, in good faith by some Puerto Ricans, by scholars in the U.S., and by at least one member of this Congress [whose statements coincide] . . . with the chairman of the Puerto Rican Statehood Party and with, of all people, Fidel Castro."

Governor Muñoz would like the redefinition of Commonwealth to include some reference to the "sovereignty" of his people. He is against independence but he does not reject eventual statehood. Many economists believe that the financial burdens of statehood would be ruinous now. Muñoz has said the island won't be ready for it until the per capita income is near that of Mississippi—not before the 1990's.

In the meantime, it seems to us quite clear that the Commonwealth status which has lifted Puerto Ricans at least a little from the appalling poverty under which they have suffered for so long is still the best order under which that progress can continue. And it would seem that the advocates of statehood and independence can only help Castro.

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Remember Prague

THERE MAY BE a nuclear stalemate between the Communist bloc and ours, with an occasional fit of fright on one side or the other whenever the rumor gets around that there is a gap to be filled. But there can be no stalemate between their politics and ours. In fact, even within our alliance, it is hard to realize the radically different character that politics assumes in countries where Communism is negligible and in those where it is a growing force to be reckoned with.

In two allied countries, Italy and France, the Communists are a state within the state, with cadres of activists permanently mobilized, ready to enter into any political alliance and to adopt any disguise. At the other extreme, the most powerful nation of the West has only a literary or mythological acquaintance with Communism. Even our most tested politicians have had scarcely any occasion to contend with any genuine or sizable leftist movement. Over here, Communist leaders, all foreigners, are something to be seen and heard on the rostrum at the United Nations or on TV programs.

Innocence about the nature and the methods of Communism makes public opinion and the leadership of our country ill suited to realize how grievously the NATO alliance can be crippled by the aggressiveness of Communism in Italy and France. This innocence, this gap in experience and knowledge, cannot be overcome by catching up with our opponents, as in the case of any real or fancied gap in military preparedness. There was a time, shortly after the end of the war, when American policymakers could fancy the notion of a Deminform designed to counteract the Cominform. By now all those silly ideas have been abandoned, although concern with the internal politics of key allied countries necessarily had to become a compelling one for the men in charge of interallied affairs. Beginning with the President, those men are deeply involved in the politics of countries close to us yet fully independent. Because of the prestige of our nation, they have a responsibility toward those countries that is, and has to be, unaccompanied by power.

The case of Italy is particularly disturbing. There, the need has been desperate for years both to stop the steady growth of Communism and to raise the functional and moral standards of the Christian Democratic Party, exposed for too long to the attrition of office, and lacking either competition or co-operation from strong secular parties. Democracy was frail in a country that had two governments: one getting stale, and the other a People's Republic in the making that played at being the Left and carried the non-Communist Left along. The need in Italy was for what came to be called the opening to the Left.

It all depended on how this opening was going to be performed and by whom. Would the Socialist Left, which had been a tool of Communism, break away from it? It did not. Would the result of the opening bring about, as it was designed to do, a diminution of Communist strength? In the last elections Communism gained. In fact, Togliatti, the perennial Communist leader, soon afterward stated quite candidly that the opening to the Left had to be extended to the Communists and that the country should be given a Popular Front government. As always, he acted as spokesman for the Kremlin.

President Kennedy cannot have any such spokesman in Italy. He has said a number of times that the essence of the alliance lies in interdependence. He is right. The interdependence of the allied nations is so close that this country would be seriously hurt if a Popular Front government came to power in Italy and, after de Gaulle, in France. But when that particular type of opening to the Left took place in Italy, it was authoritatively hailed in this country as a pattern for the whole of Europe. President Kennedy himself praised Mr. Fanfani and his handling of Italian politics when he greeted him in Washington last January. At a White House dinner the President said: "He is also involved in an effort politically at home which has a good many implications not only for his country but for other countries in Europe and also in Latin America. It reminds me of a story of Abraham Lincoln. After he was elected President, someone said, 'What are you going to do with your enemies, Mr. President?' Lincoln said, 'I am going to destroy them. I am going to make them my friends.' The Prime Minister is doing that in Italy."

WHO are the friends Mr. Fanfani has made? The Communists, now clamoring to participate in the government? One friend he has made: President Kennedy, who should have had more than one opportunity to size him up and find him a most adept practitioner of noncommittalism between the two blocs. Yet the President must know that his moral leadership of the alliance is measured by the caliber of the foreign statesmen for whom he shows like or dislike.

Meanwhile, the Kremlin has no reason to feel discouraged. If it succeeds in establishing Popular Front governments in major European countries, it will have moved westward to a New Frontier.

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A New Popular Front?

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

SHORTLY AFTER the Italian elections, the French Communist Party, the second largest in Western Europe, organized a series of meetings that seemed to confirm and point up the disturbing lesson of the Communist gains south of the Alps. For the past year or more there have been signs of slowly reviving Communist influence in the industrially developed nations, but these meetings showed that the resurgence had progressed further than most people had thought. A session of the party's central committee of unusual doctrinal interest was held on May 8, 9, and 10; the annual congress of the Communist-controlled Central Labor Organization, the CGT (Confédération Générale du Travail), followed from May 12 to May 17; and a huge peace-front rally called the General Assembly for Disarmament (Etats-Généraux du Désarmement) took place on the outskirts of Paris on May 19. Western intelligence specialists think it was probably worth to the Kremlin the substantial sums that it must have cost the taxpayers of the Soviet Union.

In recent years the French Communist Party, seemingly doomed to progressive political sclerosis under the leadership of the aging, rigidly doctrinaire Maurice Thorez, bedeviled by deviations in both its right and left wings, had seemed an almost ideal illustration of the comfortable view, currently held along wide stretches of the New Frontier, that the Communist serpent is broken-fanged and senile. Now this elderly reptile is displaying symptoms of rather alarming vitality, in its French no less than in its Italian variant. The speeches and reports made to the party's central committee here sounded a note of aggressive self-confidence that has not been heard in a long time. "We have come a long way," Thorez said in his closing speech to the central committee, "from the doctrine that socialism must be rolled back by all means, from the capitalist reconquest of countries that have achieved their social transformation." More surprisingly, the new Popular Front strategy outlined for exploiting the European trend toward "openings to the Left" (which Washington mysteriously seems to find as attractive as Moscow does) shows traces of real intellectual vigor and imagination. Finally, though the French Communists can boast of no spectacular electoral victory like the one achieved by their Italian comrades, two Communist deputies elected last fall but subsequently unseated were recently reelected with respectively 7.75 per cent and 8.15 per cent more votes than in November. The Communists' success in breaking out of the political ghetto where they have been confined since Budapest was sufficient to inject a tone of unwonted realism into their leaders' ritual self-congratulation.

"Since the elections of last autumn," reads a long resolution presented to the central committee, "the democratic parties and formations, and in particular the Communist Party and the Socialist Party, have continued to march side by side and to strike together. This *de facto* unity has been reaffirmed and consolidated, notably in defense of workers' demands, in solidarity with the miners, in action against the Francoist repression of which our heroic comrade Julián Grimau must be the last victim. . . . At the factory and the community level, often at the level of the department, there has been a wide development of unity of action; it applies to increasingly numerous objectives and is frequently concretized in formal accords; it is particularly manifest in the participation of numerous Socialists in the General Assembly for Disarmament."

STRESSING the basic identity of view between French Communists and Socialists—and sometimes even Radical Socialists—in regard to the French nuclear deterrent, the treaty with West Germany, and other Gaullist policies, Raymond Guyot, co-ordinator of the Communist Party's peace fronts, painted an even more glowing picture of the emerging Popular Front in his report to the central committee: "Every time that Communists and Socialists act jointly or along parallel lines to achieve the same objective a much wider grouping takes shape, not only with the Radical parliamentarians but also with many MRP or Independent repre-

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sentatives. The opposition to Gaullist foreign and military policies is not limited to the forces of the Left, since in many cases MRP or Independent parliamentarians join with us in speaking up for peace. Catholics are taking an increasingly active part in the struggle for peace, and the encyclical *Pacem in Terris* can only stimulate this trend. . . . The peace movement profits from the progress toward unity achieved at the moment of the last general elections, from the anti-fascist campaigns, and from the popular movement of solidarity with the miners. In return, the co-operation in the cause of peace that is taking place contributes to the development of unity."

Socialists on Dangerous Ground

Even making due allowance for Communist bombast and exaggeration, there remain enough hard facts to support the claims of substantial progress for the Popular Front idea in France. Since the elections for the National Assembly here last November, when with the blessing of the Socialist national secretary, Guy Mollet, many local alliances were formed between Socialist and Communist (and some Radical) candidates, there has been a significant degree of contact, if not formal collaboration, between the two parties from the precinct up to the national level. Recently the Socialist Party leadership, at the instigation of Mollet, has tried to curb the tendency of some Socialists to become too deeply involved with the Communists, but there has been no attempt to restore the strict avoidance of any dealings with them that prevailed until last year.

The Socialist Party, for example, officially delegated one of Mollet's assistants to represent it at an international conference manipulated from behind the scenes by the Communists, to protest the execution of the Spanish Communist Julián Grimau. Other non-Communists who took part in the conference included former Premier Edouard Daladier, a survivor of the original Popular Front; Jules Moch, who as the Socialist minister of the interior in several cabinets once played a key role in smashing the Communist post-Liberation political offensives; François Mitterand, Mendès-France's minister of the interior, whom some French political commentators see as the presidential candidate of the united French Left; and a representative of the Catholic peace organization Pax Christi. At an earlier mass meeting in Paris organized to protest the execution, two prominent Socialists, Georges Dardel, president of the county council of the Seine Department (comprising Paris and its inner suburbs), and Claude Fuzier, the chief editorialist of the official Socialist newspaper, *Le Populaire,* stood beside Thorez and other Communist bosses while thousands of Paris workers gave the clenched-fist salute. The account of this spectacle given in Mollet's weekly *Démocratie 63* could just as easily have appeared in the Communist press. Not content with evoking memories of the 1930's, the *Démocratie 63* article identified the struggle against de Gaulle with that against Franco, and denounced de Gaulle as a virtual accomplice in the Grimau execution because before the deed he had been on the point of granting a loan to Spain, and had canceled it only at the last moment.

"Franco . . . and his French crony," Mollet's paper jeered, "have succeeded in re-creating the unity of the proletariat. To give the Fifth Republic its due, it has brilliantly succeeded in reanimating in our hearts the old dream of all the workers of the world standing shoulder to shoulder. The men and women who had come to cry out in protest against the new crime had completely forgotten their political or union affiliations. They were all together and had found themselves. And I, almost overwhelmed by their fraternity, could no longer forget the solemn pledge of twenty-five years ago: *No pasarán!*"

THE QUOTATION, like the article as a whole, is peppered with a mixture of old-fashioned revolutionary clichés and the latest Communist unity-propaganda slogans or themes. The appearance of such prose in a responsible Socialist newspaper has helped strengthen the conviction of some Socialists who remain militantly anti-Communist that—as one of them put it to me—"Mollet has irretrievably lost his freedom of action, since he was re-elected with Communist support and can no longer break loose from the Communists." Other equally well-informed but less partisan sources reject the view that Mollet and other prominent members of the ruling faction in the Socialist Party are either prisoners or complete dupes of the Communists. According to these sources, both the dangers and the present limits of the Popular Front trend in the Socialist national leadership are illustrated by the recent political behavior of Jules Moch, who was also elected to the National Assembly last November with the help of the Communists, and who stands a bit to the left of Mollet on the issue of collaboration between the two parties. A few weeks ago Moch accepted the chairmanship of a newly formed citizens' committee, La Ligue Nationale Contre la Force de Frappe, to oppose de Gaulle's independent French nuclear deterrent. The committee's secretary is a once prominent Communist, Maurice Kriegel-Valrimont, now *persona non grata* with the party leadership, and the vice-presidents originally included a member in good standing of the Communist central committee, Pierre Villon. When Moch resisted a demand by Villon that the committee formally affiliate with the General Assembly for Disarmament, thereby becoming a subsidiary of an out-and-out Communist-front organization, the party withdrew its support of the Ligue. Villon resigned and *L'Humanité* published in full his letter to Moch criticizing the committee for its standoffish attitude.

A Left-Wing Majority?

Even such inconclusive contacts represent an immense psychological victory for the Communists, hitherto the pariahs of French political life, but they do not tell the whole story. The French Socialists are moving far and fast in the direction of collaboration with the Communists. One sign of this evolution is the size of the vote by which outspoken advocates of this tendency, such as Fuzier and Albert Gazier, were re-elected to the party's executive committee during the three-day Socialist convention held here at the end of May. Gazier, who last year

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stood thirty-fifth in popularity among the committee members, moved up to fifteenth place after making a woolly appeal for discussions with the Communists to see what guarantees against "irresponsible demagoguery" they were prepared to offer as a basis for an alliance between the two parties. The convention demonstrated that the militantly anti-Communist faction headed by Gaston Defferre is now in the minority, while Mollet, hitherto counted among the anti-Communists, owed his re-election as secretary of the party largely to his friendly attitude toward the Left. Mollet is clearly in danger of becoming, like Nenni in Italy, the prisoner of his own left wing, and the danger will grow more acute if anything comes of the resolution voted by the convention calling for increased efforts to lure the dissident Socialists of the so-called Socialist Unity Party, PSU, back into the fold. The PSU has long favored closer collaboration with all the Left, including the Communists.

What particularly worries some observers here is the change in attitude, or at least in language, during the last few weeks, of anti-Communists like Mollet. Indeed, the change in the whole climate of French politics since Easter has been dramatic. As early as the first part of May the defensive, almost defeatist tone used by left-wing anti-Communists here in arguing against the Popular Front idea was already depressingly apparent, but it was accompanied by the determination to fight a political rear-guard action. When I talked, early in May, with Gérard Jacquet, now the editor and publisher of *Le Populaire,* he made it clear that he considered any concessions to the Popular Front enthusiasts as being merely tactical ones intended to head off more dangerous proposals, like the Communist suggestion that the two parties work out a joint program as the basis for long-term co-operation. "We had too much experience with the Communists in 1936 and after the Liberation to be taken in by that sort of trick now," Jacquet said. "On the other hand," he added with a sly smile, "the Socialists would not be afraid to form a government supported by a left-wing majority that included the Communists, though of course without Communist ministers or an agreed program." A few days later, Jacquet in a public lecture offered this idea of an eventual Socialist government supported by Communist votes in the same casual and hypothetical terms. Then he developed it more explicitly as a post-de Gaulle possibility at a meeting of the European Left, a committee of French Socialists and left-wing liberals dedicated to promoting European unity, and in the presence

of Mollet, thus giving it weight. As the Catholic and pro-European *Le Figaro* remarked, no Socialist leader in recent years had gone so far in advocating collaboration with the Communists. "Does Jacquet's statement," asked *Le Figaro,* "mean that in the context of the Socialist convention and before it has even had a chance to deliberate, the majority leaders of the Socialist Party have already chosen the opening to the East, as Guy Mollet himself characterized the Communists a few years ago? What true democrat would not deplore this?"

The newspaper's question was answered when the convention opened some ten days later, and by that time there were new subjects for alarm. Jacquet's offhand suggestion of a left or center-left government supported by the Communists was embodied in the final resolution setting forth the party's political program despite the warnings of right-wing Socialists like Max Lejeune, who declared that the party was on the point of hitching its wagon "to the tail end of the Communist train that has already rolled through Berlin, Prague, and Budapest." As a concession to the anti-Communists, the final wording of the resolution prefaces the recommendation about forming a minority government supported by the Communists with a statement that Socialists have no right to run the risk of paving the way for a People's Republic. "Therefore," continues the document, "once the democratic Left has established its program and formed its coalition, the Communist Party will be confronted with the choice between two courses: either to repeat the error of the past by remaining in opposition, which in fact will lead it to new negative coalitions with the Right; or else to support a democratic left-wing coalition, taking into account the gains that such a coalition will be able to bring to the workers and to the cause of freedom."

EVEN a minority leftist government supported by the Communists could not be named by General de Gaulle's eventual successor unless he had somehow been induced to call new elections and they had resulted in the victory of the Left. The Socialist formula for assuring this victory—and perhaps a hint of the grounds on which new elections would be demanded—was expressed in oblique but unmistakable terms by Mollet himself at the convention. "We will not prepare the way for a People's Republic," said Mollet. "But we will not overlook the reinforcement that the Communist workers can bring to the battle against fascism and monarchism." The reference to monarchism is an allusion to the rumor recently launched that de Gaulle has decided to name the French pretender, the Count of Paris, as his successor.

Like most other speakers at the convention, Mollet maintained that

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the French Communists had not yet evolved to the point where a joint program could be safely worked out with them, but he accepted the leftist thesis that both in Russia and in the French party some progress toward democracy was taking place. At one point Mollet likened Khrushchev's position in the face of Mao to Léon Blum's with regard to the pro-Bolshevik wing of the French Socialist Party at the moment of the schism in 1921. And Mollet made no effort to oppose a motion which, while rejecting the idea of an organic Popular Front, does not exclude "defensive tactics in common with the Communists in case of an evident threat to democratic institutions."

"Relations between Socialists and Communists were at the heart of the debates," said *L'Humanité* in a jubilant editorial commenting on the convention. "In the most diverse and sometimes unexpected ways the convention reflected the change that is taking place and has taken place in France—the rise of the movement for democratic unity. Never since 1947 have relations between Communists and Socialists dominated to this point the Socialists' conception of the future."

Organizing the Unions

Naturally, the free labor unions are a key target in the Communist political and psychological offensive. And here, as in the Socialist Party, while the offensive has so far achieved no decisive breakthrough, it has rolled up some measurable gains. The coal miners' strike this winter was a boon to Communist agitators, and they made the most of it. "I must admit," an intelligence expert here confessed to me, "that the tactical adroitness which the Communists displayed in the north during the strike filled me with astonishment and admiration." Thanks in part to the habit of collaboration that developed during the strike, the Communists were able to organize joint May Day parades and demonstrations in which Catholic, Socialist, and other free trade unionists marched hand in hand with the delegates of the CGT in some twenty localities, including the great inland port of Rouen. There were other cities or towns where one or

all of the free unions flatly refused to join with the CGT in celebrating May Day, but in most places the invitations were simply evaded on one pretext or another. Sizable pro-Popular Front minorities, if they are still minorities, now exist inside the Catholic CFTC, the Socialist-oriented Force Ouvrière, the Central Students' Union, and the influential Federation of Independent Teachers' Unions.

The tendency is probably most vocal in the CFTC but most vigorous in Force Ouvrière. Robert Bothereau, Force Ouvrière's staunchly anti-Communist national secretary, recently announced his forthcoming retirement; and while it has been officially denied that there is any direct connection between his decision and the growing pressure among the left-wing Force Ouvrière locals for closer ties with the CGT, a number of French labor experts are convinced that the two developments are not completely unrelated. Soon after the announcement and in spite of a personal appearance by Bothereau, the important Metal Workers' Federation voted 386 to 1 in favor of continued joint action with other labor organizations "regardless of doctrinal differences that remain, particularly with the CGT."

In the drive to refurbish the Communist Party's tarnished image, the most significant Communist gains of recent months have been achieved through exploitation of the peace and disarmament themes.

For this purpose, the giant disarmament rally held at the Paris suburb of Saint-Ouen on May 19 proved so useful that it was decided to convert its organizing committee into a semi-permanent front under the Communist-controlled International Peace Movement. Despite the Socialist Party's refusal to participate in the rally, a number of Socialists as individuals either let their names be placed on the list of sponsors for the affair or actually took part as delegates. Perhaps even more disturbing as a symptom was the number of nationally known Radical Socialist and other centrist political leaders who joined with artists and prominent non-Communist intellectuals, together with Catholic priests and Protestant ministers, in sponsoring the meeting. Among them—according to Communist press releases—were former Premier Edgar Faure; Henri Caillavet and Paul Anxionnaz, former members of Fourth Republic Cabinets; Radical Senator and former Minister André Dulin; Professor Paul Bastid, member of the Institute and former Radical minister; and former ambassador Francisque Gay, one of the founders of the Catholic MRP.

All together, according to Communist claims which western intelligence experts do not seriously dispute, some sixty deputies or senators and more than two thousand mayors signed sponsoring manifestoes for the General Assembly for Disarmament. In the anti-Gaullist belt of the south and center south, Communist agitators, sometimes aided by local Socialist bosses, canvassed their districts village by village, precinct by precinct, patiently explaining the objectives of the rally to suspicious local notables and answering their objections. In several back-country departments, substantial numbers of the political elites representing a wide range of opinion were thereby converted, not to the doctrine of Communism, of course, but to the idea of a common front against the French nuclear deterrent. In the Dordogne Department, for example, *L'Humanité* claims that 503 mayors of communities out of 582 were signed up to endorse the Paris rally.

The Puzzle of U.S. Policy

The dialectical skill and political acumen displayed by the French Communists in using the peaceful-coexistence theme far exceeds

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their known local capabilities. The Popular Front and other campaigns being conducted at present by the French Communists thus may have a broader strategic importance. But before attempting to assess the Communist comeback, it is useful to examine some of the outside factors that have contributed to it, particularly the revival of the Popular Front idea, here as in Italy.

A major factor is the widespread feeling among European Socialists (except in Germany) and many liberals that there is no real danger in flirting with the Communists because the western position has become so strong. French Gaullists, thinking primarily in the context of France, consider that the tendency of many French Socialists to co-operate electorally and otherwise with the Communists is a sort of backhanded compliment to the political stability that de Gaulle and the presidential system have brought to France. "If the Socialist leaders thought there was the slightest danger of a Popular Front actually taking power they would have nothing to do with the Communists," a Gaullist spokesman said to me.

The view that the Communist threat has been scotched in France is reinforced by the flow of warm self-congratulation by the United States on dubious victories like the one in Cuba, and the consoling stress on the strategic importance of such headaches in the Communist camp as the present tension between Moscow and Peking. But as far as Communist activity in Western Europe is concerned, the Sino-Soviet quarrel and other political difficulties behind the Iron Curtain seem to be acting mainly as a stimulant to greater and more effective political warfare efforts, like the current campaigns in France.

The noisy optimism of the New Frontiersmen certainly does not discourage contacts between European liberals or Socialists and Communists. Today there is little in the utterances of administration spokesmen in Washington that indicates any incompatibility between a genuine friendship with the United States and some collaboration with Communists in the domestic politics of allied countries.

A closely related factor is the impact on left-wing European minds of certain aspects of U.S. foreign policy, such as our negotiations with the Soviets for a ban on nuclear testing and our freely expressed hostility to the independent French deterrent. French official sources are now reluctant—at least in talking with American correspondents—to give weight to this factor. But French observers without official responsibilities have no doubt that it is a serious one. "Your bilateral talks with the Russians, symbolized by the proposed telephone line between the White House and the Kremlin," one told me, "inevitably help the Communists in Western Europe in their attempts to break down the rules against contacts with them that have been observed up till now by sincere believers in democracy. Perhaps the worst feature of U.S. policy from this viewpoint is the uncertainty it inspires in the minds of your European allies, both at the official and the unofficial levels. To Europe it seems a bewildering and demoralizing puzzle."

Interestingly, this unofficial critique of our foreign policy was echoed in a recent talk with Arthur Conte, a well-known former right-wing Socialist, an implacable adversary of de Gaulle, and an active champion of European unity, who recently resigned from the party in protest against the drift toward the Communists and is now one of the promoters of the presidential candidacy of Jean Monnet. "Your negotiations with the Russians in regard to disarmament, testing, the idea of a direct telephone with the White House, and similar subjects," said Conte, "have helped to create an atmosphere that makes possible collaboration between the Communists and men like Mollet and Moch. Likewise your European policy, or lack of one, has simultaneously strengthened de Gaulle and the Communists. The American policy of prematurely forcing Britain upon Europe was largely to blame for the Brussels breakdown."

A more orthodox Socialist source with good contacts in the Socialist International was reluctant to criticize official U.S. policy in regard to the European issue, but he warned against the harmful effects—in terms of aiding the Communist political strategy—of a tendency on the part of "certain Americans" to risk sabotaging the Common Market in order to punish de Gaulle. This suicidal tendency, he thought, had been manifested in certain speeches or interviews of American political personalities, in irresponsible comments by some American pundits and editorialists, and "in other ways." In his view, some Europeans were inclined to fall into the same deadly trap; as an example he mentioned a prominent Belgian Socialist, Senator Henri Rolin, who, he said, is firmly opposed to a Popular Front in Belgium but keeps urging the French Socialists to collaborate with the Communists in campaigning against the French nuclear deterrent and the Gaullist policy of direct rapprochement with Germany.

An Odd Meeting

A revealing evidence of the anti-Gaullist International which has sprung up in recent months on both sides of the Atlantic, and of the English Channel, was the interview given in May to a correspondent of *Izvestia* by Dr. Paul-Henri Spaak, foreign minister of Belgium and former secretary-general of NATO. In this interview Dr. Spaak, who is sometimes known in European diplomatic circles as "Polaris" Spaak because of his alleged close ties with the New Frontier and his ardent championing of the Kennedy administration's defense policies, sharply criticized the Paris-Bonn accord, just ratified by the Bundestag, as not being a "factor of appeasement" in Europe. Noting Soviet hostility to the accord, Dr. Spaak said that a number of NATO countries did not like it either, and agreed that it was "a bad thing." The Belgian foreign minister then went on to the theme of peaceful coexistence as defined by Khrushchev, saying that not to recognize the validity of this principle is "equivalent to accepting the cold war and even to accepting a hot war." Dr. Spaak declared that he "accepted without hesitation" the Communist suggestions for a non-aggression pact between NATO and the Warsaw bloc, and spoke favorably of the Rapacki plan for a denuclearized zone in Central Europe, which as secretary-general of NATO

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he had once denounced as "a Soviet maneuver" to dismantle the alliance. Now the versatile Belgian Socialist welcomes the idea, notably because in his view it "would have a positive influence upon a peaceful settlement of the German problem." Dr. Spaak concluded by supporting the idea of a multilateral NATO nuclear deterrent, without launching sites or nuclear stockpiles on the Continent. Thereby, as Robert Boulay, the political expert of *Paris-Presse,* observed, "the elderly *enfant terrible* of Belgian politics succeeded for the moment in being simultaneously in agreement with Kennedy and Khrushchev—a bit with the former, a lot with the latter—and against de Gaulle, while displeasing the West Germans." Pierre Charpy, the paper's editor, was even more cutting about Spaak's "abjuration" and went on sarcastically about the position of those European Socialists who, like Italy's Giuseppe Saragat and France's Guy Mollet, are still trying to oppose Communism in their fashion, without being, in the current Washington jargon, tiresomely white and black about it. Citing Napoleon's epigram on Czar Alexander I of Russia, "He's a good fellow; too bad he killed his father," Charpy declares that the quip perfectly characterizes the attitude of the French and Italian Socialists toward the Communists today. The Quai d'Orsay, apparently feeling that Spaak's behavior called for more than irony, inspired an unattributed comment in the French press expressing surprise "that the foreign minister of a friendly and allied country should use such language in talking with the correspondent of a Soviet paper." In the view of French political circles, the gravest aspect of the case is probably the encouragement it is likely to give left-wing Socialists and other anti-Gaullist fanatics throughout Europe to collaborate more closely than ever with the Communists. It is feared here that although Spaak is somewhat discredited in Europe by his eccentricities, he is still given undue importance in Washington.

A RELATIVELY MINOR but tactically interesting example of how the Communists exploit one of the several conflicting policies of the Kennedy administration in order to foster the Popular Front habit in Europe came to light recently in Brussels. A Communist-infiltrated committee, sponsored by several well-known fellow-traveling French intellectuals, has been operating here for some months in the ostensible cause of promoting cultural relations between France and the East German puppet régime. Broadening the scope of its activities, this group, known as Les Echanges Franco-Alle-

mands, last month instigated a three-day international colloquy in Brussels to promote a negotiated settlement of the German problem. The meeting was attended by a mixed bag of intellectuals and politicians, including Senator Rolin of Belgium, the French Communist Senator Raymond Guyot, the British Labour M.P. Malcolm Macmillan, Professor Henri Laugier, former deputy secretary-general of the United Nations, and Paolo Vittorelli of the Italian Socialist Party. Delegations from both West and East Germany had been invited, but the latter group was held up at the last moment by visa difficulties. The closing resolution condemned West German militarism, favored recognition of the East German state, and demanded the neutralization of West Berlin. The document hailed the fact that "numerous American personalities like Senator Fulbright or the journalist Walter Lippmann have evidenced their keen interest in the colloquy and that a citizen of the United States, Professor Neal, has actively participated in it."

While the references to Senator Fulbright and Mr. Lippmann in the Brussels resolution were no doubt an example of the familiar Communist name-dropping technique intended to compromise its victims, there is little doubt that Lippmann's frequent pleas for creating new ties between the two Germanys are taken on this side of the ocean as reflecting not a private but an official American viewpoint, or what will become an official viewpoint tomorrow.

Communist Strategy for Europe

Another key factor in the growth of the Popular Front movement has unquestionably been the impact on both Catholics and non-Catholics throughout Europe of the Papal encyclical *Pacem in Terris.* Even the liberal-minded Catholic hierarchy in France has, judging from the warning recently published by an authoritative Catholic organ, begun to be seriously disturbed by the extreme interpretation put on the late Pope's words by many left-wing Catholics here and by intensive exploitation in Communist propaganda. The supreme importance that the Communists themselves attach to the encyclical was indicated in Thorez' speech before the central committee.

"We must never underrate the importance of the change that has taken place," Thorez said, referring to the change in the Church's attitude. "Socialism is no longer depicted by the Vatican . . . as the incarnation of evil . . . Catholics can participate with Communists in joint activities. Nobody can henceforth reproach them for taking their place in strikes, for appearing among the active defenders of liberty, for fighting on the anti-fascist front, for example by leading the struggle against Franco's barbarism. Finally, it is obvious that it is now legitimate for Christian workers to vote Communist. This has been understood by a number of Catholic workers,

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employees, and peasants in Italy."

In the future, says the resolution voted by the central committee, the Communist Party, counting on the "new possibilities of co-operation and joint action" opened up by the encyclical, "will pursue with greater boldness than before its traditional policy of union with the Catholics." The main emphasis, however, as the resolution makes clear, will continue to be put on co-operation between Communists and Socialists, particularly in the unions, as the basis for a broader Popular Front. "To aid the progress of unity," declares the central committee's resolution, " our party has applied, and will continue to apply, boldly and in a creative fashion, its basic policy of the united front. . . . The French Communist Party will spare no efforts to achieve this united front."

In view of the success already achieved in the Popular Front drive, many observers here fear that the Communists can hardly fail to continue making progress toward their proclaimed goal—certainly as long as the West goes on repeating its errors of omission and of commission. While de Gaulle remains firmly in power the practical implications of the developing Popular Front are not likely to be dramatic in the purely French context. The authoritative tone found in the central committee's resolution makes it clear, however, that the essential passages were inspired if not dictated in Moscow, and that the document should be interpreted as a blueprint for basic Communist political strategy not merely in France but throughout Western Europe, which the Kremlin once more appears to regard as a promising theater for a political offensive.

The role of the French Communist Party in this broader European strategy was spelled out in more detail at the CGT congress. Citing the Europe-wide impact of the French coal strike, Louis Saillant, president of the Communist-dominated World Federation of Trade Unions, told the congress that the progress toward working-class unity achieved in France was having a catalytic effect throughout the rest of Europe, and was thus helping the WFTU to achieve its objectives. Saillant put particular stress, as other recent Communist statements have done, on promoting contact and co-operation between the labor organizations of France, Italy, Britain, Belgium, and West Germany —a directive that closely parallels the resolution adopted last March at a meeting of Communist Parties in Brussels for a united workers' front within the framework of the European Common Market, which the Communists now reluctantly admit is here to stay. The CGT congress that closed on May 17 furnished one of the most impressive demonstrations ever witnessed of the steadily evolving Communist skill in adopting the vocabulary and ritual of democracy while reinforcing the invisible machinery of centralized monolithic control over the front organizations. Benoît Frachon, national secretary of the CGT, whose bold use of the technique has sometimes frightened the party hierarchy in the past, had evidently been given a completely free hand for the first time in many years, for he astonished even veteran labor observers here by his passionate appeal for the creation in France of a single unified labor organization "without party affiliations of any kind and bringing together all the workers without distinction of political opinion or religious belief."

In reality, one of the most significant features of the recent Communist statements here, particularly the basic central committee resolution, is the light that they shed on the growing tendency in the West to regard the Communist threat today as being at worst a diplomatic one rather than a fundamental threat to national and western security. Coexistence is their grand theme, but they reaffirm more frankly than any previous Communist declarations Khrushchev's doctrine of peaceful coexistence as "the highest form, in our epoch, of the class struggle at the international level." (The wording of the central committee's resolution.) While realistically ruling out war as a systematic means for achieving Communism's revolutionary objectives, the possibilities of nuclear blackmail and brinksmanship, not to mention subversion and guerrilla warfare, are by no means overlooked.

"Apropos of peaceful coexistence," Thorez said, "we consider that it is a mistake to charge that it might signify renunciation by the colonial peoples of the struggle for their independence, that it might lead the workers of the capitalist countries to cease supporting the national liberation struggles of these peoples, that it could signify the failure hereafter of the socialist camp to give them its fraternal and decisive support. Against this viewpoint can be cited the examples of Cuba and Algeria. . . . Under conditions of peaceful coexistence, Cuba was even able to undertake the construction of socialism. The Soviet Union gave varied and multiple aid to the Cuban people, enabling them to enter upon the socialist path. It was again the backing of the Soviet Union, the solidarity of the working-class movement, which last year made it possible to avoid the invasion of Cuba by the North American imperialists."

While implicitly admitting that class warfare in the classic sense has lost some of its appeal to the Western European worker, the central committee's resolution reaffirms as unequivocally as ever that the goal of Communism everywhere in the world remains the revolutionary conquest of power, followed by the dictatorship of the proletariat. What is relatively new is the ingenious formula, based on Khrushchev's recent policy statements and evidently intended to reconcile the "hard" and "soft" wings of the party, for a twentieth-century strategy of revolution in keeping with the real political situation in large parts of the world, and not widely at variance with the present mood of the workers in the industrial nations.

"The possibility of a peaceful socialist revolution," says the resolution, "arises when the working class and its allies have so great a superiority of force on their side that the upper bourgeoisie is unable to resort to civil war. Our policy of unity and anti-monopolistic alliances is intended to create such a situation."

Clearly, the party is not planning to call the workers out in the streets for the final struggle tomorrow—not in the West, at least. The Communist formula gives the party faithful a prospect of total victory that does not demand unacceptable sacrifices.

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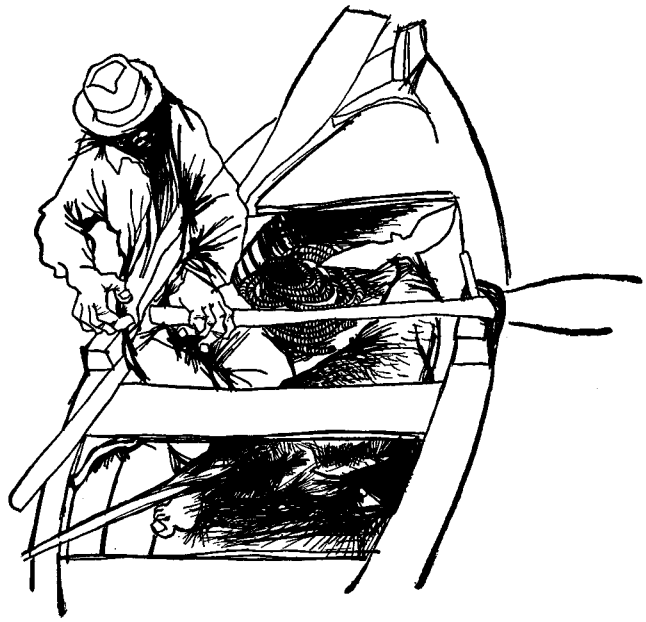
Swordfishermen of Scilla

by Adriano Zannino



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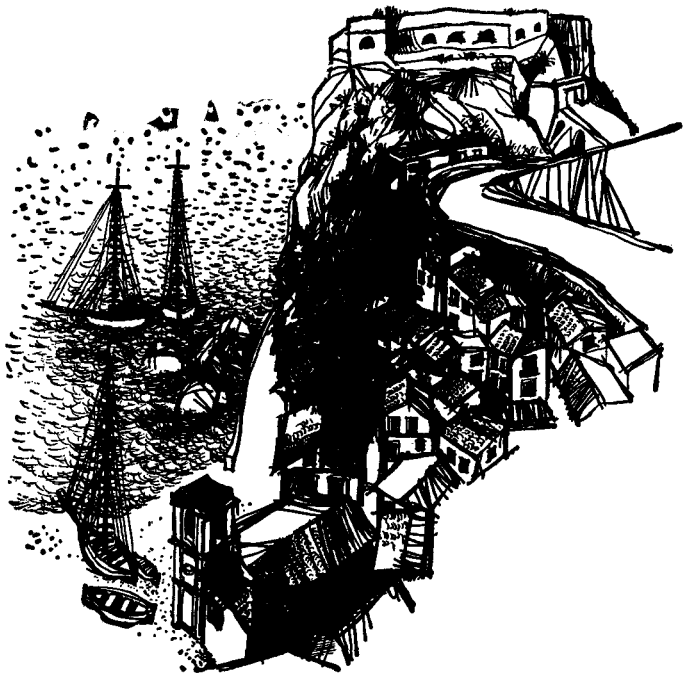

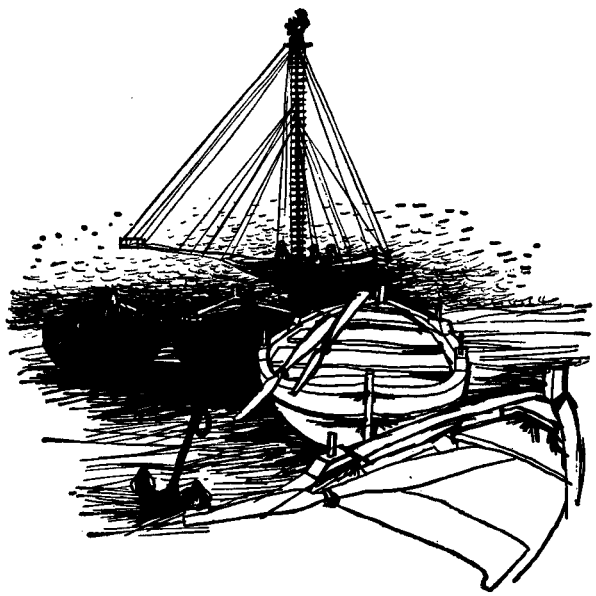

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Happy Ending in Kentucky

JAMES A. MAXWELL

FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS, Kentucky has had four standard symbols: race horses, bourbon, tobacco, and A. B. "Happy" Chandler. On May 28, the number was reduced to the original three. In the Democratic primary election, the voters overwhelmingly rejected their best-known citizen's efforts to win an unprecedented third term as governor. Nor was the defeat localized. Of Kentucky's seven Congressional districts, Chandler carried only one, his native Bluegrass area, and that by a modest margin. To make the defeat even more galling, Chandler lost to a comparative unknown, Edward T. "Ned" Breathitt, who was making his first state-wide race. Even Breathitt's most ardent supporters were astounded by the 60,000-plus plurality piled up by their candidate.

For three decades, the flamboyant Chandler has been almost unbeatable. In thirteen previous contests for public office, he had failed to win only once—when he overmatched himself in a primary fight for the Senate against another Kentucky institution—the late Alben Barkley.

Chandler is unlikely ever to run again. Both his age, sixty-four, and his recent rout are against him. "I still can't believe it's happened," a reporter said the day after the election. "It's as though Kentucky had decided to abandon the Derby in favor of a five-hundred-mile automobile race."

DURING the past three and a half years of Governor Bert T. Combs's administration, Kentucky has been going through profound economic and social changes. In the words of the Louisville *Courier-Journal:* "Departures from the old and beginnings of the new have been so drastic that it means little, if anything, to compare them with the past." Because of decades of neglect, inertia, procrastination, and internal divisiveness, the task of reviving the Commonwealth has been extraordinarily expensive. But cost is only one of the concerns of many citizens. As the state goes through the disrupting process of shifting from an agricultural to an industrial economy, established patterns of life are being radically altered. A comfortably slow tempo is being speeded up in many areas. Habitual ideas and ways of doing things are disappearing.

Most Kentuckians admit that their state's economic plight continues to make sweeping reforms necessary. However, there are mixed feelings about the undertaking. As the protégé of Governor Combs, who could not succeed himself, Breathitt was pledged to continue and broaden the program of the present administration. If Kentucky is to solve its numerous problems and regain economic health, he said, the price must be paid. Chandler, on the other hand, in effect told the voters that calories don't count. He insisted that he would not only do more than the Combs administration to restore the state but would give the citizens a large tax cut as well.

But Chandler's easy fiscal diet was only one worry for the Breathitt camp. As a familiar, old-fashioned politician in a strange and changing situation, Chandler was expected to appeal to voters who are ambivalent or hostile to the "new" Kentucky. His campaign was well designed to do just that. "I always go to Chandler's meetings," an elderly farmer said after a rally in the southern part of the state. "They remind me of the Chautauquas that used to come around when I was a kid."

The comparison was apt, especially when the candidate was speaking in a rural area. There were noble sentiments: "I wouldn't ever agree in my lifetime—and I won't agree now—to tax the food, clothes, and medicine of the people who haven't enough to live on." There was homespun humor: the crowds roared with laughter when Chandler told of the state's spending $65,000 each for rest rooms along the new superhighways. "You can sure do a lot of resting for $65,000," he said and then went on to compare these sanitary luxuries to the outhouses he knew as a boy. The city slickers got their lumps, too: Wilson Wyatt, the present lieutenant governor and former mayor of Louisville, Kentucky's only real city, was referred to as "Ankle Blankets," a wearer of spats. Thus Wyatt became the symbol of effete, grasping metropolitans who would deny rural and small-town dwellers just treatment from the state.

Chandler did speak on the issues of the campaign. He didn't always clarify them, however. At one meeting, he stated that he would, when elected, remove food, clothing, and medicine from the list of items subject to the state's three per cent sales tax. In the question period that followed the talk, a young woman asked how he would compensate for the estimated $30-million loss of revenue. "Honey," Chandler said, "I'm glad you asked that question. But I'm not gonna answer it. I got a plan, but it's a secret. If I tell you, my opponent will get ahold of it and probably claim it for his own."

Chandler had little reason for changing his tactics. At various times in the past, they had brought him the lieutenant governorship, a term in the U.S. Senate, and the governorship twice. Even the fact that he resigned his seat in the Senate to take a better-paying job as baseball commissioner didn't diminish his political effectiveness. Not long after being fired by the major leagues, he was elected governor.

Corn Pone vs. Competence

Certainly the Democratic voters had a clear-cut choice to make when they voted on May 28. About all the two candidates had in common was a desire for the governorship. Breathitt is a vigorous, hard-working man of thirty-eight, who bears a marked resemblance to Billy Graham in both appearance and platform style. Breathitt had served three terms in the state legislature and a period in Governor Combs's cabinet before trying for the Democratic nomination for governor. Like many of the young men who have entered politics in recent years, he is intense, comparatively humorless, filled with facts and figures that can be produced at a moment's notice, and earnestly dedicated to public service. He also proved himself a tough, tireless cam-

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paigner with exceptional talent for the no-holds-barred brawling common to all campaigns in which Chandler is a participant.

Except for a few references to "Combs's boy," Chandler ignored his younger opponent and centered the attack upon the present administration. As the heir designate, Breathitt assumed both the political assets and the liabilities of the Combs record. When Combs took office late in 1959, Kentucky had been on an economic toboggan for decades. In such areas as schools, roads, public welfare, and per capita income, it was nearly at the bottom of the list of states. Though there was a slight net increase in population, people were leaving in an ever-increasing flow: Kentucky has lost a seat in Congress after each of the last three censuses. Efforts had been made to change the trend—Chandler himself had worked hard on the problems while governor from 1955 to 1959—but the measures taken were sadly inadequate.

Combs began his administration by pressuring the legislature into passing Kentucky's first billion-dollar biennial budget, nearly twice what Chandler asked for and received during the first two years of his second term. The 1962-1963 budget was somewhat larger. Almost all departments of the state have benefited. The average schoolteacher, for example, has had an annual pay increase of $1,100. Since January, 1960, Kentucky has awarded road contracts totaling nearly $346 million. Only California, Illinois, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, and Texas have spent more money for highways during the same period. Improvement in parks raised the income from tourist business to a peak of $205 million last year. Unemployment benefits have been increased more than fifty per cent.

But such expenditures obviously meant higher taxes. In the case of Kentucky, the burden was also redistributed. During the last year of the Chandler administration, when the income tax was the principal source of revenue, Jefferson County (Louisville), with twenty per cent of the population, was paying forty per cent of all state taxes. Combs instituted the sales tax, cut the income tax, and thus increased the amount paid by rural dwellers. In advocating the removal of the tax from food, clothing, and medicine, Chandler was clearly appealing to the main source of his strength in the past: the rural areas, where nearly half the population still lives, and the numerous small towns that dot the state.

SECTIONALISM is intense in Kentucky, and Chandler is an old hand at exploiting it. Breathitt, even if he had been so inclined, could not have copied his opponent's tactics. Combs has largely ignored sectional sentiment to carry out his program. "Combs has been working against tremendous odds," a state legislator, who asked not to be named, said before the election. "There's never been any real cohesion in this state. During our sessions in Frankfort, each region is so afraid that another region will gain an advantage that we spend more time trying to block one another than in doing something constructive. That's one of the main reasons our problems have piled up on us."

Actually, Kentucky is less a state than a diverse collection of quasi-independent provinces abounding in extremes, paradoxes, and mutual distrust. The forty thousand square miles of territory run a geographical gamut from mountains through plateaus, rich plains, and river lowlands to the spectacular Mammoth Cave. The traditions, customs, and economic health of the different areas vary as much as the terrain.

Before the Civil War, the slaveholding owners of the great estates in the Bluegrass country were already at odds with the abolitionist mountaineers of eastern Kentucky. The gulf is equally wide today. The already rich Bluegrass, home of the magnificent horse-breeding farms, distilleries, and tobacco plantations, now enjoys additional prosperity from the steady influx of new light industries. In the mountains, only a few miles to the east, there is widespread chronic unemployment, grinding poverty (in some counties well over half the families subsist on surplus foods from the Federal government), and a steady exodus of young people.

The farmers in the Bible Belt of southern Kentucky feel insulated from the rest of the state, are often envious of the far richer Bluegrass farms, and deeply distrustful of the influence of Louisville.

In the northern counties, just across the Ohio River from Cincinnati, most of the people work in Ohio, pay income tax to Cincinnati, and depend upon that city for symphonic music, big-league baseball, theatre, art museums, newspapers, and department stores. Not unexpectedly, these Kentuckians are likely to be more concerned with the affairs of southern Ohio than with those of their own state.

As the sole metropolis, Louisville is a sport in the state.

Taking a Chance on Reform

To bring a sense of unity and common purpose to these divergent regions is a herculean task. Most governors have settled for bestowing the state's favors to the areas on a more or less equal basis, as a prudent father cuts a cake for his half-dozen children. This concept, however, works better with children than with a state. Because of piecemeal operation, Kentucky was filled with uncompleted projects. Building a few miles of road here and a few miles there, as Kentucky had been doing for years, is a slow and costly way of creating a good highway system. Partially renovating a state park in the east and another in the west meant that neither could realize its full potential attraction for tourists, a major source of income for Kentucky. A dozen similar examples could be cited.

Combs risked his political future—and Breathitt's—by largely abandoning this established method of operation and proceeding on an orderly, long-range basis, so that designated projects have been completed before work has started on others. Inevitably, this way of doing things aroused the ire of certain sections that feel other parts of the state are receiving preferential treatment. Chandler made the most of this resentment.

Although Kentucky still has some woefully sick areas, Breathitt counted on the generally improved economic health of the state to compensate for wounded regional sensibilities. He laid especially heavy emphasis on the relationship between improved roads, schools, welfare services, and similar state functions and the impressive success the

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Combs administration has had in attracting new industries.

During the past three years, 179 new manufacturing plants, built at a cost of over $170 million, have begun operations in Kentucky. About an equal number of manufacturers have invested nearly $185 million in expansion. In all, over thirty thousand additional jobs have been created. This has provided a much-needed economic transfusion in a state with a population of just over three million. However, not all sections of Kentucky have viewed the rapid industrial growth as an unmixed blessing. Before the recent election, politicians stayed awake wondering whether statistics or nostalgia would sway the greater number of votes.

The Bluegrass country, for example, has been one of the major beneficiaries—or victims—of the new economy, and one of the greatest sources of both cheers and complaints. Most of the area's great horse-breeding farms are still in operation, and beautiful yearlings still gallop wildly across the fine, rolling pastures. But some of the farms have become factory sites, and more will undoubtedly follow. Whiskey is still made in huge quantities—even though it can't be sold in about ninety-five per cent of the state—but now distilleries seem almost frivolous, and a tobacco barn becomes an anachronism when one sees in the distance a sleek steel-and-glass structure where parts for electronic computers are made. Then, too, vast numbers of new people are moving in, people with little concern for local customs and values, people with flat Midwestern or harsh Appalachian voices that grate upon the ears of the natives.

The Vote Derby

Hollywood couldn't have done a better job of casting candidates representative of the "old" and the "new" Kentucky: Breathitt, the young, dedicated reformer, eager to bring his state into the main stream of the American economy; Chandler, the aging but still hearty old pro who brings to mind a relaxed afternoon at Churchill Downs, loud laughter with amiable cronies, a what-the-hell's-the-hurry way of doing things.

Even voters strongly opposed to him must have felt a slight twinge of nostalgia when Chandler announced his candidacy last July to some two thousand supporters who attended his birthday dinner party. "Stay under a log," he told them, "keep your powder dry, and if the crick doesn't rise too high, and the good Lord and the people willing, we'll get back to Frankfort in '63."

"Old Happy always serves corn pone like grandma used to make," said one reporter after the meeting, "but sometimes he's kind of a relief after dealing with these young, lean, efficient, no-nonsense Molders of Destiny that seem to be taking over the country today. Then I start thinking about where Kentucky wound up with people like Chandler running things."

On May 28, a large majority of Democratic voters obviously decided that sentimentality at the polls might cause Kentucky to drift back to the stagnation of the pre-1960 period. As a symbol of that era, Chandler lost.

Chandler is now expected to give active support to the Republican nominee, Louie B. Nunn, in the fall campaign. Chandler is a notorious grudgeholder, and his party loyalty has rarely extended beyond himself and his immediate entourage. However, Kentucky hasn't had a Republican governor for twenty years, and Chandler will probably be of minimal help in breaking the pattern.

Coming to Terms With the Common Market

PETER FORBATH

BRUSSELS

IN MANY RESPECTS, the opening round of tariff and trade negotiations at Geneva last month was reminiscent of the British bid for membership in the European Economic Community, this time with the United States cast in Britain's rather vulnerable role. Our able delegation, headed by former Secretary of State Christian Herter, had reason to appreciate the comparison as it came face to face with that unpredictable beast, the Common Market. While some seventy signatories of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT) are participating in the preparatory discussions in the Palais des Nations and will take part in the formal trade and tariff bargaining scheduled to start in May, 1964, the success or failure of the present so-called "Kennedy round" of talks hinges on the confrontation between the world's two largest trading units, the United States and the Common Market.

President Kennedy's initiative in pushing the Trade Expansion Act through Congress last year represents our recognition of the economic power of the European Economic Community as a single competitive bloc and not merely a loose trading

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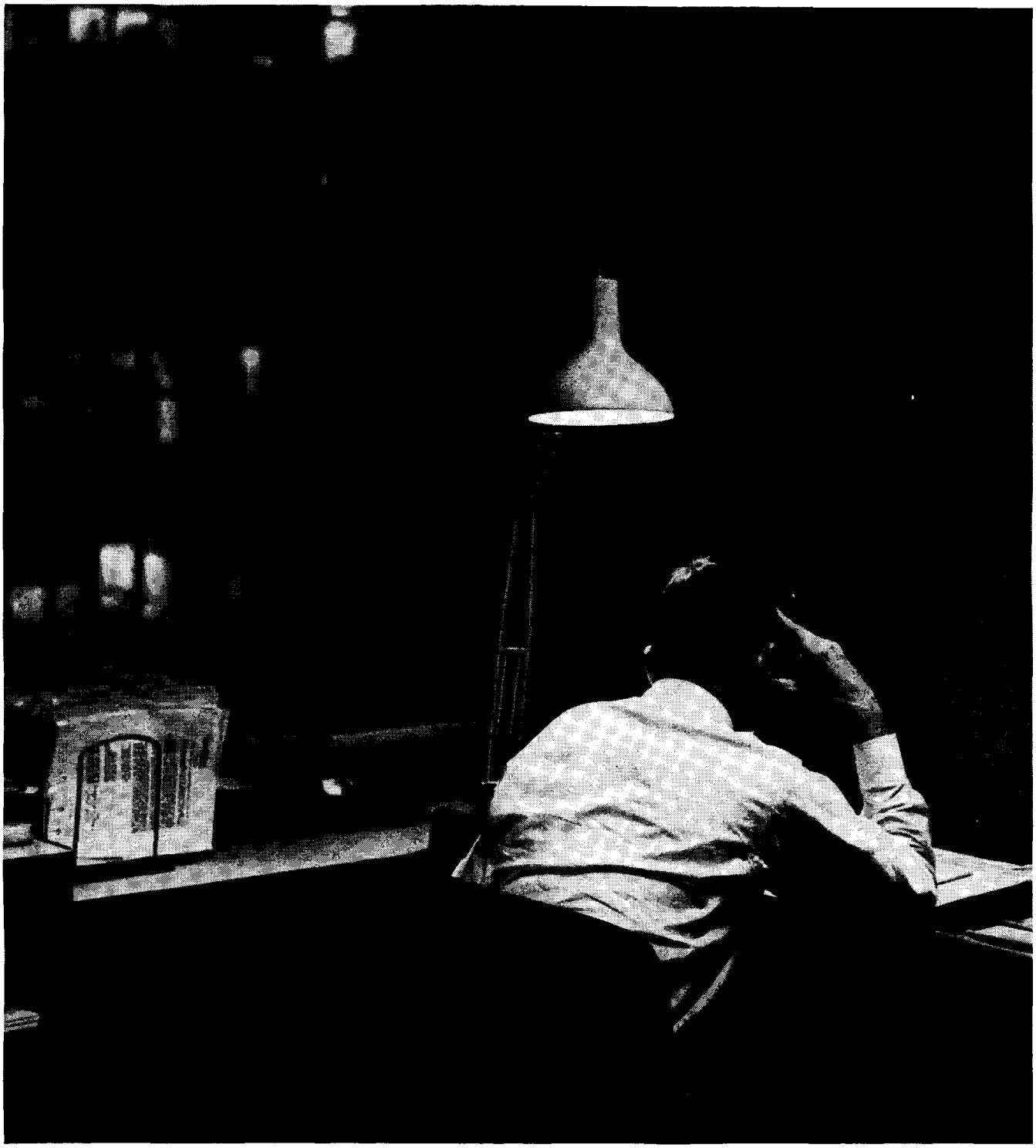

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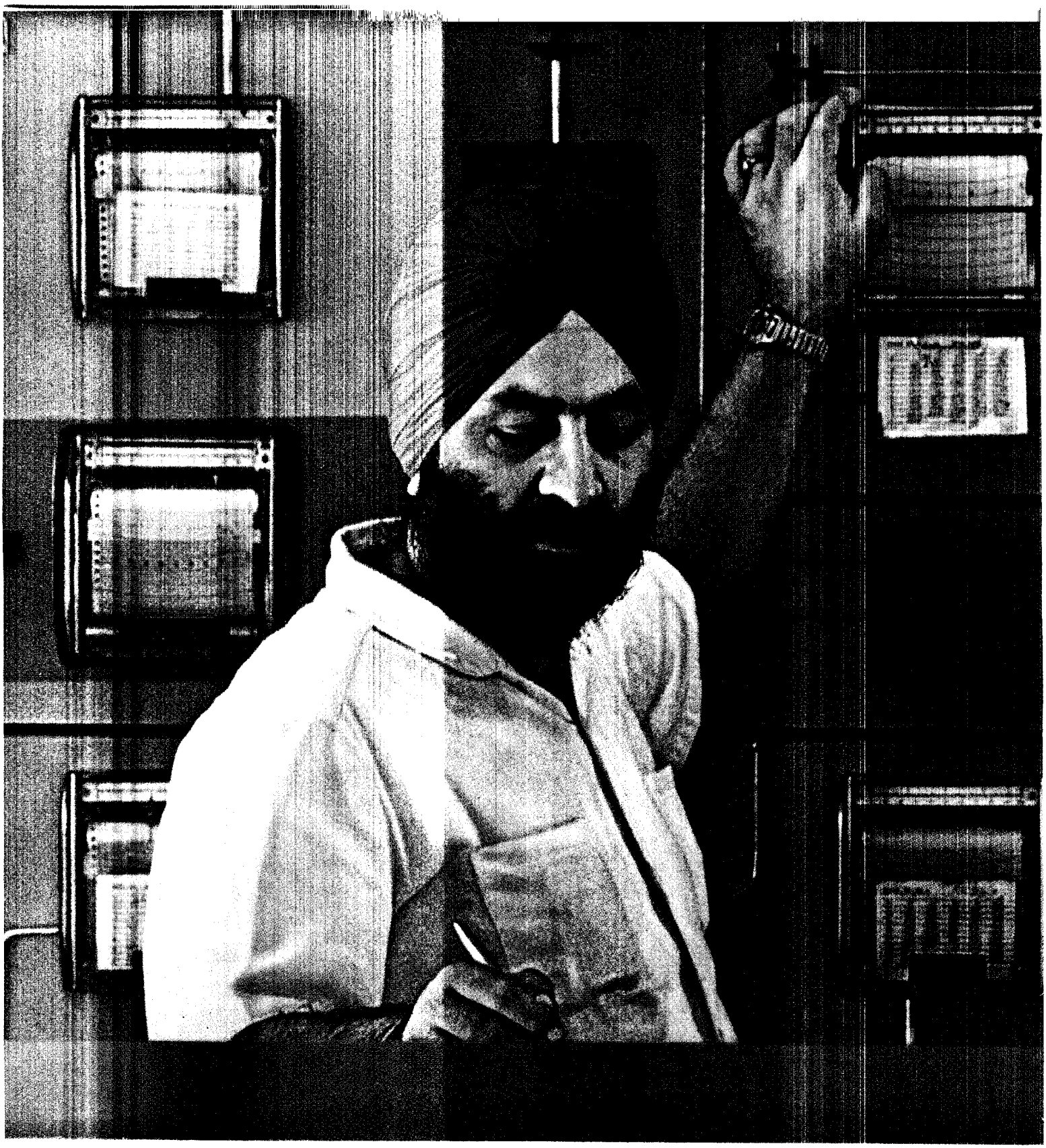

India writes a new history

In an Esso oil refinery near Bombay on India's west coast, men, energy and private enterprise come to a focus to help speed the economic development of a great nation.

Over 500 Indian employees operate this giant plant, most of them trained in the various skills of modern refining in the nine years since Esso Standard Refining Company of India, Ltd., completed its Trombay installation.

By now a major industrial complex has grown up around the refinery. First came companies to produce barrels, cylinders and other supplies needed by the refinery. Then came a power station, using refinery products to generate low-cost electricity. Esso took a hand in building housing, roads and communications facilities. Other basic industries, including chemical and fertilizer plants, have found Trombay an attractive site due to the presence of the refinery. And recently an atomic reactor has been constructed in the area.

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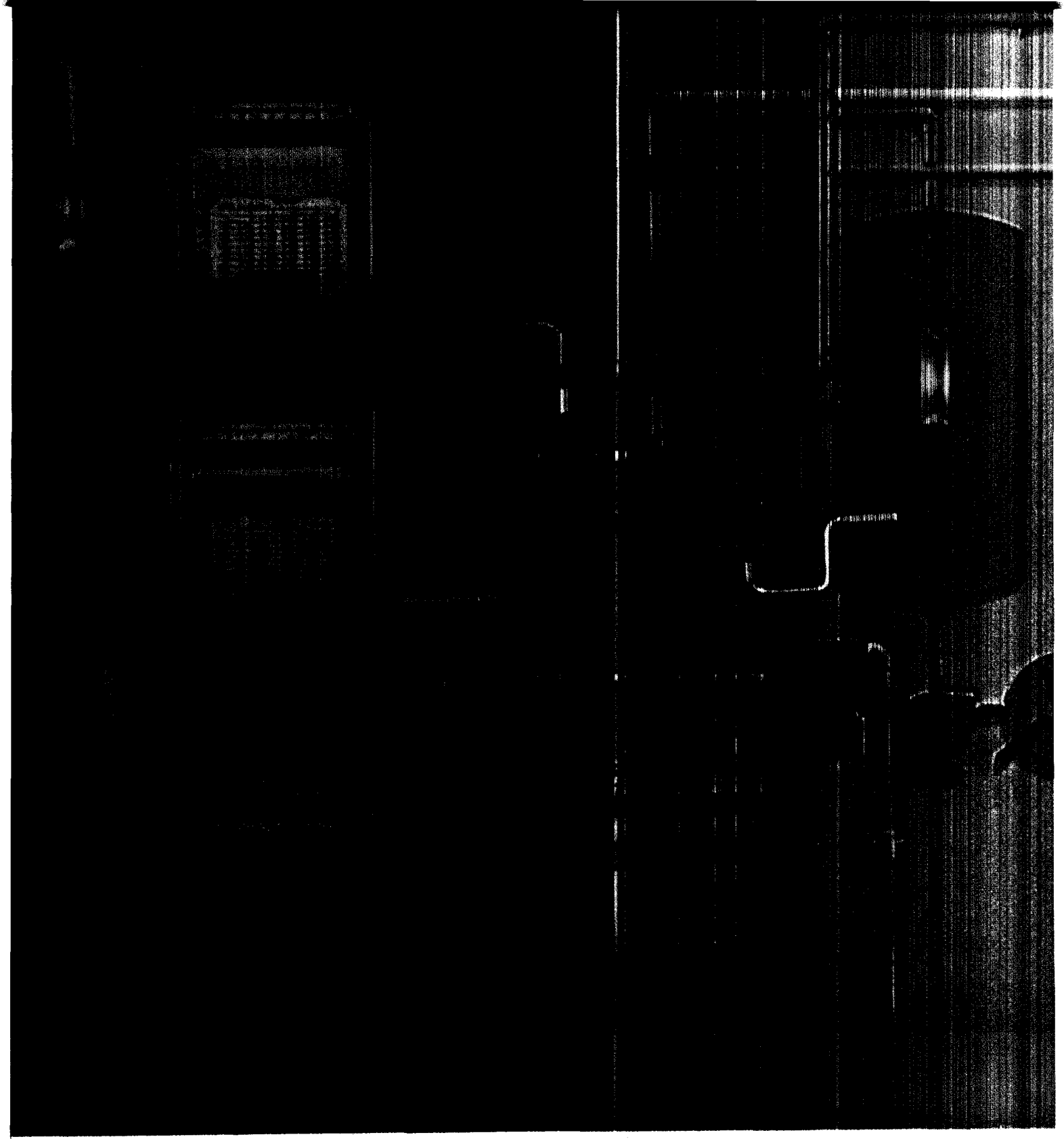

Thus Esso's investment set in motion a chain reaction creating thousands of jobs, stimulating the development of new skills and the industrialization essential to India's future.

Jersey Standard's Indian affiliate has long served that nation's economy as a major supplier and distributor of oil products. In India and in many other countries, Jersey's overseas investments spur production, raise living standards and make possible increased international trade. They help keep the United States competitive in expanding world markets, bring returns to shareholders and promote the welfare of free nations.

Standard Oil Company (New Jersey)
and its affiliate
Humble Oil & Refining Company

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Helen Hayes has some hints on helping overseas visitors feel at home

Help with directions
I've stayed in practically every city in America, yet I often have to ask directions. So imagine the difficulty our guests will have as they travel here. Be as helpful as you can. If you don't know the answer, find somebody who does.

Local customs
Visitors passing through your town need to know things about our stores—how and when we shop. Tell them, too, about traffic and parking regulations, opening and closing hours at museums and nearby recreation areas.

Transportation
It's surprising how visitors appreciate your words of advice—on where to get a taxicab; how to rent a car, how to locate the correct bus or train at a station. They will also be grateful for your pointers about our highways.

"Company's Coming! Everywhere I go people are talking about it and asking what they can do to help. I've been telling them that simple American hospitality is most important. I think a visitor will remember the busy Philadelphian who takes time to put him on the right bus just as vividly as he'll recall Independence Hall. And a courtesy extended by a Montana drugstore clerk will make an impression quite as lasting as Yellowstone National Park. So please remember that friendly Americans win America friends!"

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arrangement among six European countries within a grander Atlantic Alliance demanded by the United States. In fact, the Trade Expansion Act, granting the President unprecedented powers in the field of trade, was specifically designed for negotiations with the Common Market. As much as we hate to admit it, we probably have more to gain economically from these talks, particularly in view of our chronic balance-of-payments problems, than the Europeans do. We are therefore cast, as was Britain, somewhat in the role of the supplicant, at least in negotiating strategy.

In Washington the Herter negotiations have been viewed as a test of the Common Market's future. Are the Six going to develop into an economic and political "Third Force" in world affairs, as President de Gaulle would have it? Or will they open up the world with the wave of trade liberalization President Kennedy hoped for, as a sort of minimum substitute for the Atlantic partnership he tried to promote with the entry of Britain and other "Outer Seven" nations into the Common Market?

WASHINGTON is drawing up its negotiating strategy with a sharp eye on Paris. France wields the power of veto over the talks and, among the Six, the French are the least enthusiastic about the American proposals for GATT tariff reductions. Traditionally, France is a high-tariff country. As a member of the Common Market, it has already been forced to cut its tariffs considerably. The United States seeks to cut them still further, in the framework of GATT. Moreover, France is a farm-surplus producer and a leading exporter of farm products to the other Common Market nations. It wants to protect the Community market for itself and not to throw it open to other countries'—and especially America's—agricultural surpluses. Yet this is precisely one of the main U.S. goals.

Although France is undoubtedly our toughest single adversary in the bargaining ahead, we are learning that it does not stand alone among the Six. The other five member states, with variations depending on the specific point among the complex issues under discussion, apparently approach the 1964 trade talks and the current preliminary discussions with a similar attitude.

The forecast that the Common Market would fall apart as a result of de Gaulle's challenge to the United States over Britain's membership did not materialize. Nor did the "Friendly Five" carry through any of their threatened reprisals. Perhaps most revealing of all, they

had quietly dropped any serious effort to establish some mode of formal contacts between the Common Market and London even before France publicly rejected any such contact early this month. In fact, the repairing of the crisis of confidence in the Community, if not in the Atlantic Alliance generally, has made enough headway to allow the Six to go to Geneva with a much more unified position than the American negotiators had expected. If there was any doubt on this score, it was dispelled at the GATT ministerial meeting last month in Geneva.

Herter's Difficult Mission

Under the authority of the Trade Expansion Act, the administration is empowered to offer GATT tariff cuts of fifty per cent on the overwhelming majority of our import items in return for reciprocal cuts, the limited exceptions permitting cuts up to one hundred per cent in some cases and no cuts at all in others. To exploit as fully as possible this authority, which it is hoped will boost U.S. exports more than imports and so make a dent in our continuing balance-of-payments deficits, Herter and his colleagues went to Geneva seeking the adoption of an across-the-board, equal-percentage (hopefully fifty per cent) tariff-cutting procedure to replace the usual GATT technique of negotiating tariff cuts product by product.

From earlier informal bilateral talks with Common Market Commission and member-government officials, Herter knew that this procedure wouldn't be easy to sell. In general, the Common Market countries were willing to give up the tedious product-by-product process for some system that would cut across broad categories of tariff items: the sticking point came on what the system would be.

For months France had outspokenly opposed cutting all tariffs by equal percentages, arguing that this scheme would work overwhelmingly to our advantage. In Paris's view, the American tariff structure is characterized by a predominance of either extremely high or low tariffs, while the Common Market's tariff level is more uniformly moderate. Fifty per cent cuts of the low United States tariffs would mean little more than a reduction of their nuisance value, while halving the high tariffs would not actually reduce their protectionist effect; in neither case would there be a significant increase in export trade to the United States. On the other hand, fifty per cent cuts in the Common Market's moderate-level tariffs would sharply reduce their protectionist value and throw open the Community to a flood of American exports. Moreover, the French held, the low level to which the Common Market's external tariff would be driven would leave the Community in a weakened position in any subsequent negotiations designed to lower further the still high U.S. tariffs.

To overcome this, France offered its own tariff-cutting procedure, popularly referred to in trade cir-

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cles by the French word *"écrêtement"* ("depeaking"). It called for cuts of fifty per cent in the difference between present tariff levels and an agreed-on "ideal" tariff level of around ten to fifteen per cent. This meant that while there would still be across-the-board cuts, tariffs would not be cut equally; rather the higher American tariffs would be cut substantially more than the Community's lower tariffs.

AT THE OUTSET Washington rejected both this scheme and the argument behind it. Our officials argued that if we have more peak tariffs—and Herter's team did a nice job of arguing that there are far fewer of these than the French make out—we also have a great deal more low-duty and duty-free items than the Common Market has. As a consequence, the arithmetic average and the general protective effect of the U.S. and Common Market tariff structures are just about the same. More important, we insisted, the magnitude of a tariff is not a true measure of its protective value. A moderate tariff on one kind of product can be a much greater barrier to trade than a high tariff on another kind of item, and these differences must also be taken into consideration.

The U.S. delegation attempted to expose the French position as, in effect, a thinly disguised tactic by which to sabotage the opening round of talks in Geneva. The Americans were convinced that France had little support from its Community partners. Germany, for example, a traditionally low-tariff nation with a critical need to export, logically should have been anxious to go ahead with the broadest and deepest kind of tariff-cutting possible. Thus the unity the Six demonstrated in opposing the U.S. position at Geneva proved rather unnerving, especially since a German—the fervent liberal-trade economics minister, Ludwig Erhard—was the leader of the Common Market delegations in the fierce battle with Herter's team that erupted over this issue. The American negotiators, almost with a sense of disbelief at the sight of the Six's stubborn united front with Erhard at the head of it, held out to the last hour of the May 16-21 talks, running the risk of disrupting the preliminary round even before it had begun.

In the end, both sides had to give ground. It is a moot point which side conceded more. The Common Market accepted the principle of across-the-board and equal-percentage cuts for the majority of tariff items. The United States conceded in principle that its high-tariff items could be separated from this general procedure and cut more sharply than the rest. The key point here was the demonstration provided for Washington that at this stage we are not dealing with a group split five to one but with a Community of broad common interests and unity of purpose.

Counting Our Chickens

The lesson doubtless will shape our negotiating policy over the long haul to May, 1964. Though the compromise worked out in Geneva last month averted a major crisis and permitted the vital preparatory work to get under way, the road to a final agreement will not be smooth. There is still a year of bitter infighting ahead before the formal opening of negotiations. And what is probably the most difficult problem of all—

bargaining on agricultural products—has scarcely been broached. Herter's negotiating finesse and understanding of his adversaries will be severely tested on this issue.

Increasing industrial exports to Europe is surely an important goal of the U.S. Trade Expansion Act, but agricultural exports are the main concern. With our staggering farm surpluses and burdensome farm-support program, we can ill afford to lose any of our agricultural export markets, especially not one like the Common Market, where we have been selling about $1.2 billion worth of farm products a year. Yet we fear, and with justification, that the agricultural policy taking shape in the Common Market will be so protectionist that it will eventually all but shut out our farm products. The aim of our GATT bargaining on farm products is less to increase exports than to preserve what we have.

There is a strong temptation to view the opposition we are meeting on this issue as a product of a split in the Common Market, with France as our real antagonist. That the Six are split down the middle on their common farm policy, with France and Germany diametrically opposed, is news to no one who has followed Common Market affairs. France is a net exporter of farm products, Germany is a net importer; France is a low-cost farm producer, Germany is a high-cost producer. This makes it difficult to formulate a common policy, and conflicts on this score have been going on, in one way or another, since before the Treaty of Rome was signed.

BUT it would be misreading the situation to conclude that if Paris opposes us on the agricultural question, Bonn must support us. On the contrary, as the recent Common Market decision to raise levies on American poultry exports shows, all the Six generally view our current efforts to reduce the Community's agricultural protectionism without enthusiasm. For example, if French farmers are not willing to see American farm surpluses cut into their privileged position in the other five partner nations, German farmers are hardly eager to compete with the considerably lower prices of U.S. products at home. In principle, the Common Market has agreed to include agricultural goods in the negotiations preparatory to the showdown next spring. But they have also agreed that no real progress can be made on these products until the Six have made more headway on their common farm policy. This is the reef on which the Kennedy administration's hopes for trade accommodation with the Common Market run the greatest risk of foundering. But isolating France from its partners will not avoid the danger. For despite all their internal difficulties, the Six are still partners.

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Nonintervention: A Shield for 'Papa Doc'

GEORGE SHERMAN

SANTO DOMINGO

DOMINICAN PRESIDENT Juan Bosch's difficulties with the Haitian dictator, François Duvalier, dramatize a major dilemma of this hemisphere: How can a democratically oriented government defend itself against a reign of terror next door, if under the inter-American legal code of conduct it must sit still until a crisis of violence actually erupts?

At the end of April, President Bosch tried to force the issue. His elastic ultimatum to Haiti stretched over ten tense days into the first week of May. With an estimated four thousand troops poised on the border and the superior Dominican army and air force mobilized behind them, he talked and acted like a man ready to invade and wipe out the Duvalier régime.

At the outset, Bosch fully expected United States support. He is the first constitutional president the Dominican Republic has had in thirty-three years. Since his inauguration at the end of February, the Kennedy administration has bent every effort to help stabilize his government. This all-out aid is part of a firm policy begun two years ago immediately after assassins' bullets ended the long tyranny of Generalissimo Rafael Trujillo Molina. The U.S. aim is to make the Dominican Republic a model of the Alliance for Progress's benefits to contrast as sharply as possible with Castro's Cuba in the Caribbean.

Furthermore, the United States government had already made clear its growing distaste for the Duvalier government. Thirteen million dollars of annual aid to Haiti had been cut off. United States diplomats made no secret of their desire to be rid of Dr. Duvalier, once his six-year constitutional term of office finally expired on May 15.

But President Bosch's sudden power play posed a real dilemma for Washington. On the one hand, if the administration supported the Dominicans and helped topple Dr. Duvalier, it would be laying itself open to charges from suspicious Latin Americans and sensitive Africans against intervention in the "black republic" of Haiti. On the other hand, if it did not support President Bosch, it ran the risk of alienating him, weakening Dominican democracy, and losing a golden opportunity to establish a hemispheric precedent for action against a dictatorship which might be used later against Castro's Cuba.

PRESIDENT BOSCH is convinced that the continued existence of the Duvalier dictatorship is a serious threat to Dominican democracy. He is obsessed with the fear that sooner or later the terror in Haiti will pour across the Dominican border, bringing a flood of refugees, plots, and counterplots that will drown the entire island of Hispaniola in chaos. The white-haired and articulate president put it graphically in his television report to the nation during the crisis—the Dominican Republic is a "lake of gasoline," he said, confined next to the explosive Haitian "powder keg."

Bosch's advisers are quite specific about the opportunities which this powder keg is providing for a Communist take-over of the whole island. They may not be greatly concerned about physical aggression or even subversion from Cuba, only fifty miles across the Windward Passage from Haiti. But there is no doubt they are deeply worried about what Haitian Communists can accomplish working through—not against—the Duvalier government.

"Papa Doc," as he is called by his followers, is at war with every traditional institution in Haiti, from the Catholic Church to the army. In this struggle he relies more and more on active Communists or known sympathizers who have had their training in France. Some, such as Finance Minister Hervé Boyer, have key government posts. Thus, while officially keeping the Communist Party outlawed, Duvalier is in fact helping it to build an apparatus within his own régime.

This behind-the-scenes aid comes at a time when the clandestine Communist movement is receiving a new injection of life from unemployed and disillusioned young intellectuals who see nothing but frustration in the hopeless backwardness of Haiti. As time goes on under the corrupt and totally inefficient Duvalier government, these new Communist recruits will have increasing sway over the illiterate and poverty-stricken peasant masses.

As a student, writer, and teacher of history—especially Haitian history during exile in Costa Rica—Bosch is quite aware that this Communist threat is only the newest element in an old and permanently combustible combination on the island. He is fond of reminding his visitors that the enmity between the two parts of Hispaniola dates almost from the moment of independence, when "black" Haiti broke from colonial France in 1804 and the "white" Dominicans followed suit against colonial Spain in 1821. Only a year later, Negro Haitian troops invaded and began a brutal occupation of their neighbor lasting twenty years. And in 1937 the Dominicans retaliated when Trujillo launched a pogrom against Haitian settlers in

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the Dominican Republic that took twenty thousand lives.

Up until April, Bosch moved cautiously to avoid any revival of this hostility. Both in Washington after his election in December and during a long interview on April 1 in the Presidential Palace in Santo Domingo, he told me that the "delicate situation" in Haiti must be handled with restraint. He indicated that he was more absorbed in cleaning up the Dominican mess inherited from the Trujillo dynasty than in tackling another dictator on the other end of the island.

'Papa Doc's' Trujillo Plot

During April, events in both Haiti and the Dominican Republic turned Bosch's thinking into more radical channels. In Haiti, opposition, terror, and counterterror steadily mounted in anticipation of the constitutional end of the Duvalier presidency and his announced determination to continue in power. At home, Bosch was finding it increasingly difficult to keep abreast of the revolutionary tide that had swept him into office on promises of far-reaching reform.

Coincident with the deteriorating situation inside Haiti, President Bosch discovered that Dr. Duvalier was conspiring with the Trujillo clan against him. The Haitian dictator installed four younger members of the Trujillo family and a leading Trujillo secret policeman in Port-au-Prince. Full details reached Santo Domingo about how they flew from exile in Madrid, what false names their passports bear, where they live, even what government car they drive in Haiti. The most reliable people in the Dominican capital—including top United States diplomats—are convinced that a Duvalier-Trujillo plot was in fact being hatched.

These revelations were the last straw for Bosch. A violation of the Dominican embassy in Port-au-Prince by two overenthusiastic Duvalier militiamen gave him an excuse to act. On April 28 Bosch sent an ultimatum demanding that the Haitian government give guarantees to protect the Dominican embassy and the Haitian refugees there, or face an armed invasion. Here was a national issue that rallied Dominicans of all stripes to the Presidential colors overnight.

In the days that followed, President Bosch soon found himself fighting not the Haitians or his critics at home but the legal inertia of the whole hemispheric system. Despite his argument of self-defense, his threat of unilateral invasion of Haiti brought him in conflict with the doctrine of nonintervention—the most sacred principle of the inter-American system. Dr. Duvalier may be a "madman" practicing terror against his own people, a tool of the Communists, and an instigator of plots against the Dominican Republic, as President Bosch charges; but so long as the Haitian leader confines his activities to his part of the island, he is protected by every regional instrument from the Charter of the Organization of American States to the Treaty of Rio de Janiero.

President Bosch has vigorously disputed this narrow interpretation of collective responsibility. "The protection of human rights must be beyond any other principle in the hemisphere," he told a special press conference during the crisis, "even beyond nonintervention." He bluntly told a peace-keeping commission of five OAS ambassadors hurriedly sent from Washington that the dispute is really between the lawless Haitian dictator and the whole inter-American system—not solely between Haiti and the Dominican Republic.

But the Dominican president is not on firm legal ground. The only hemispheric body directly concerned with protection of human rights is the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights, an organization whose sole power is the power of publicity. Established by a foreign ministers' meeting in Santiago, Chile, in 1959, it is an autonomous advisory body of experts with neither the power to make on-the-spot investigations against recalcitrant governments nor the power to enforce its own recommendations.

Dr. Duvalier has already twice exercised his legal prerogative and denied the commission's request to visit Haiti, on the ground that it would be an unwelcome interference in domestic affairs. For the past two years a compromise resolution to expand the commission's powers to make on-site investigations has been bottled up on the Juridical-Political Affairs Committee of the OAS.

Off Limits to Marines

In fact, President Bosch is bucking an alliance of major Latin-American powers that want to keep the nonintervention doctrine as restrictive as possible. On the one side, the so-called "big powers"—Argentina, Brazil, Chile, and Mexico—are against any tinkering with this doctrine, which they consider their main legal protection against United States dictation of hemispheric affairs. The Mexican OAS representative is chairman of the Juridical-Political Affairs Committee; the Brazilian representative is vice-chairman. On the other side of the alliance are the remaining military or authoritarian régimes in the hemisphere which oppose any international human-rights protection as a wedge for outside meddling in their domestic politics.

President Bosch's major miscalculation was on how far he could rely on the United States to support him against apathy or outright opposition in the OAS toward intervention in Haiti. The Kennedy administration was perfectly willing to go part way and engage in the psychological warfare of "no confidence" against the Duvalier régime. The aircraft carrier *Boxer* hovered in a spotlight of calculated publicity just outside Haitian territorial waters with two thousand Marines aboard ready for any eventuality. But the Bosch strategy was to go much further. The idea seriously mooted in his councils of war was that once Dominican armed forces invaded and chaos spread in Haiti, the OAS would be forced to give the United States Marines a mandate to intervene and establish a temporary OAS trusteeship, "Congo-style."

From the time President Bosch issued his first ultimatum on April 28 until he relaxed his stand on Tuesday, May 7, U.S. Ambassador John Bartlow Martin conferred with him daily. At one point during the second weekend when Bosch threatened a dawn invasion if Dr. Duvalier did not issue safe-conduct passes to the refugees in the Dominican embassy, Ambassador Martin had to

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call Washington at two in the morning.

The constant answer of Washington was to counsel restraint. Time was needed to work out a consensus in the OAS about possible intervention should the crisis of violence actually erupt in Haiti. The results of that reconnaissance were discouraging. State Department officials found that in the whole hemisphere only two countries—Panama and Nicaragua—were prepared to sanction U.S. intervention under OAS mandate. President Rómulo Betancourt of Venezuela, one of Bosch's staunchest supporters, is reported to have cabled the Dominican president his opposition to any unilateral intervention. Even the most apathetic governments specified that under no circumstances would they approve unilateral use of the U.S. Marines under OAS mandate.

"It was a real revelation to us," moaned one discouraged State Department official, "of how deep go the suspicions of United States intervention in any part of the hemisphere." The memory of Haiti's occupation by United States Marines, which lasted for almost twenty years after intervention in 1915, has yet to die.

In the end the Dominicans had to bow to the pressure generated in the OAS to keep the peace. "Or let's say we bowed to the pressure of one important OAS member—and I don't mean Panama," said one close adviser of President Bosch. On May 15, Dominican border guards refused to permit about eighty Haitian exiles who had been training in the Dominican interior to launch an "invasion" of Haiti. After a three-week show of diplomatic protest, the United States resumed formal diplomatic contacts with the Duvalier government, which had installed itself for another six-year term.

UNITED STATES policymakers are quick to point out that more than rigid adherence to legal norms of the hemisphere has guided their restraint over Haiti. First of all, they note that all the loose talk about a "Congo mandate" for Haiti also implies all the racial bloodshed which first prompted U.N. intervention in the Congo. They take quite seriously the Duvalier threat to unleash his thugs against all whites and mulattoes if he is overthrown. The United States aim is to avoid such a massacre.

Second, Dr. Duvalier has skillfully played on Haiti's position as the lone "black republic" in the Western Hemisphere. His constant theme is foreign "white" persecution of his destitute Negro people. By taking his grievance against the Dominican Republic directly to the U.N. Security Council, he astutely raised the specter of African nationalist support—backed by the Soviet Union—for his dispute with the whole Western Hemisphere. He judged

rightly that with a rash of racial troubles breaking out in the United States, the American government is not prepared to engage in an international shouting match over Negro persecution in the Caribbean. U.S. diplomats argue that they had little choice but to attempt to demonstrate that the Organization of American States would be able to handle the dispute.

Third, a suitable alternative to Dr. Duvalier has yet to emerge either inside or outside Haiti. Inside, the prolonged Dominican threat to invade probably helped rally Haitian nationalism behind the besieged Dr. Duvalier. His only really aggressive domestic opponent is a former henchman, Clément Barbot, founder of Duvalier's private army and generally considered as disreputable as Dr. Duvalier himself. Outside the country, would-be governments-in-exile spend as much time attacking each other as they do the Duvalier dictatorship. Their invasion plans invariably call for a U.S. military commitment to finish what they start.

Reappraising 'Collective Inaction'

So the frustrating dilemma over Haiti in both Santo Domingo and Washington continues. Up to now it has had one major healthy side effect. It has added urgency to a drastic reappraisal of the nonintervention doctrine. This reappraisal was well under way in the Kennedy administration before President Bosch posed his challenge to the Duvalier dictatorship. Its natural focus has been on how to mobilize collective action against the Communist bridgehead for subversion in Cuba.

Some of these administration musings are public record. On April 16, Edwin M. Martin, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, warned a meeting in New York, ". . . we should not allow ourselves to be paralyzed into immobility by inapplicable dogmas of yesterday."

He said that the political interdependence of the hemisphere makes it important to develop collective machinery for the preservation of representative democracy. "We must recognize that failure of the democratic process in any one of the member states is a matter of concern to the entire community, that interruptions of democratic and constitutional governments in one country inevitably encourage antidemocratic elements elsewhere. . . . And we should come to the realization that the active pursuit of ways for improving the quality of democracy in our respective countries does not constitute a violation of the principles of nonintervention."

These words were spoken well before the Haitian crisis blew up. They were specifically directed against Latin-American inertia over Castro's Cuba. But the same remarks apply equally well to Duvalier's Haiti. For it is true in Haiti, no less than in Cuba, that the doctrine of nonintervention dooms this hemisphere either to collective inaction or to ineffectual maneuvers as crisis follows crisis.

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The Big Chickens Of James and Samuel

PAUL CONKLIN

LAGOS

Two American-trained young Nigerian farmers have cleared away thirty acres of dense rain forest here in Nigeria's Western Region and have set themselves up in business with a flock of hens and the beginnings of a piggery. On the face of it there is nothing about this small-scale operation to get excited about, but in truth it is a unique agricultural experiment that is already changing the age-old patterns of life in the surrounding countryside.

The young partners are James Jolayemi and Samuel Gbadeyan. They are the first Nigerians with advanced degrees in technical agriculture to return home and put their training to practical use. They have shunned the doors to easy success and sudden wealth which higher education opens up in Africa.

Neither of the young men is sure of his age, but they are probably in their early thirties. Both are good-looking men of medium height. They are even-tempered and have the warmth and generosity toward strangers characteristic of their people. (Faint scars on their cheeks show that they are Yorubas, one of Nigeria's dominant tribes.)

James and Samuel—as they quickly invited me to call them when I stumbled over their family names—were born in a village of thatched huts in Ilorin Province on the arid, dusty plains of Nigeria's Northern Region. When James was three weeks old his father died. His mother found it difficult to provide for eight children and was not sorry a few years later when her youngest son ran away to an orphanage and school operated by a missionary from North Dakota. A short time later Samuel left his family and joined his friend.

Thus the boys became part of the large family of Kathryn Dick. Since she came to Nigeria thirty-one years ago, this generous, strong-willed woman has reared more than seventy-five orphans and runaways who sought refuge in her Ilorin school. When they grew up she dipped into her own meager savings to send many of them overseas to school. Her "family" now numbers some of the country's leading politicians, doctors, lawyers, and civil servants.

Miss Dick has tried to impart her faith to her wards as well as to imbue them with a desire to help themselves and their people. James and Samuel eventually decided to study agriculture instead of preparing themselves for a career in law, medicine, or diplomacy as do most young Africans who earn advanced degrees.

"What we wanted most," James told me, "was to learn a trade that we could show other young Nigerians. You only need to look around to see that our farmers need help more than anybody else."

There was logic in their choice of poultry raising. Chickens require little initial investment and are among the easiest means for the impoverished African farmer to increase his earnings and improve his diet at the same time.

Upon the recommendation of a Houston businessman who had been in touch with him by letter, James entered Texas A&M in the fall of 1955. Samuel, with a wife and two baby girls to support, was unable to leave for Texas until the following year.

Once in school, the pair tackled their work with gusto. There were other African students enrolled in the Prairieview Agricultural School, but James and Samuel were the only ones to go out of their way to get a thorough grounding in the practical aspects of farming. They spent all the time they could outside the classroom learning to handle machinery in the fields, taking care of livestock, and putting in long hours in the school's poultry-processing plant.

"Our African friends didn't like that sort of work, but we felt we had to learn how to do things ourselves. We knew once we were in Nigeria we couldn't write back to the school every time we had a problem," Samuel said.

"It was an inspiration to us to have our teachers, who were often men with Ph.D.s, working along with us in the fields. We wanted to carry this spirit back home with us and to show young Nigerians that no matter how much education a man has he can still use his hands and find satisfaction in physical labor."

Even before they graduated, pressure began to be applied on them as to the kind of life they should lead at home. The Western Region government sent a representative around the United States recruiting Nigerian agriculture students. James and Samuel were told they would have their fare home paid if they would sign a contract with the regional ministry of agriculture. They refused. The mail brought an offer from the Northern Region government of a principalship at an agricultural training school. Their refusal brought angry correspondence from Kaduna, the regional capital. It became clear to the pair that their plans for going it on their own would meet with little sympathy and understanding in Nigeria.

As a profession, agriculture enjoys no status in Nigeria, or in Africa as a whole. African intellectuals invariably come from rural beginnings and are eager to leave them as far behind as possible. So deep is the prejudice against a university graduate doing manual labor that American aid technicians working on agricultural projects in Nigeria have found it almost impossible to get their Nigerian trainees to leave their desks and charts, roll up their sleeves, and get their hands dirty. This, of course, is one of the legacies of colonial Africa where white men never rolled up their sleeves and got their hands dirty.

Thus when in the summer of 1960 the partners started to clear their farm of rain forest on the third day after their return, they were greeted by their friends with cries of amazement and derision.

"They said we were crazy," James remembers with a smile. "They told us everybody else in our shoes was making quick money, driving big

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cars and living in big houses. We were crazy, they said, not to take advantage of the opportunity."

Ignoring their critics, the two continued their backbreaking work, slashing away at the heavy undergrowth with machetes throughout the long, steamy days until fifteen of the thirty acres were cleared.

Keeping the land cleared is a never-ending battle. In the hothouse climate of the Western Region where it rains seventy inches a year, vegetation grows at a frightening rate. The silent, shadowy rain forest presses in to the edge of the farm. Mahogany and kapok trees spread their crowns 120 feet or more above the ground. Beneath these giants is a luxuriant green tangle of secondary growth. From these forests come rubber, coffee, citrus fruit, and one-seventh of the world's supply of cocoa.

With the land ready and with chicken houses and pens built, the pair ordered their first batch of week-old chicks from England. They flourished. Since then the flock has grown steadily. Yet more than once egg production has suffered simply because they did not have enough cash on hand to provide the layers with proper food. The price of corn remains consistently high in Nigeria, where it is also a mainstay in the diet of its people.

The farm is conveniently located on Nigeria's main north-south highway, which links Lagos and Ibadan, the country's largest cities. Twice a week one of the men drives twenty-five miles north to Ibadan to sell eggs to a large European-owned department store. Seventy per cent of the eggs sold in Nigeria are still imported, and the small Nigerian producer has difficulty getting prices that are even close to being comparable with those of his foreign competitor. Thanks to the busy traffic on the Lagos-Ibadan road, more and more of the farm's eggs are being sold at a roadside stand.

With the recent purchase of a kerosene-operated brooder, the partners will soon be independent of foreign hatcheries. It is a small brooder, but it cost $180 and represented a substantial investment. Predictably, the incubator was another point of friction between the pair and their Nigerian friends.

"They sneered at it as a toy," Samuel said. " 'You've been to the United States,' they told us. 'Why do you bother with this small thing?' They urged us to get one that would set forty times as many eggs. There is a preoccupation with bigness in this country. If something is big and expensive it's got to be good.

"But we won't need that many eggs for some time to come. There's no crime in starting on a small scale, and unless we want to lose our independence by going into debt, we have no choice."

As he spoke, Samuel led a visitor along a winding path that led from the chicken house by a stand of spindly-looking corn to a concrete-and-tin shed where six hogs were lying on their sides asleep in the shade. Bought originally from a Greek businessman in the Northern Region, the six animals represent the breeding stock of a herd that the partners hope eventually will number five hundred. Healthy and fat, these original six are totally unlike the runty, half-wild hogs that root in the refuse heaps of the neighboring villages. Cattle will be added to the farm as soon as experimental stations in the country develop a strain resistant to the tsetse fly, which still dominates the rain forest.

From the beginning, the farm has been an object of great curiosity. Men stop by on their way to or from their tiny cultivated patches in the forest. Standing silently with their primitive implements in their hands, they watch the partners measure ingredients and mix chicken feed. The only other chickens the villagers have ever seen are sickly, undernourished birds that seldom weigh more than two pounds when full grown and lay no more than thirty eggs a year.

The villagers watched with astonishment as the imported chicks matured so rapidly that by nine weeks they were larger than their own birds at the end of a year. The concept of controlled feeding was foreign to the local farmers, who let their chickens shift for themselves. Soon, however, those who came to observe began buying small quantities of the strange mixture. They also wanted chickens.

"We've let them have a few. They have been impatient with us because we only let them have two or three at a time. They want a dozen. But we tell them that we're not interested in selling chickens and then have them die. We tell them to learn how to care for them and then come back for more," James said.

The importance of getting an improved strain of chicken into the villages of the rain forest cannot be overestimated. This is an impoverished area where the people, weakened by disease and malnutrition, have difficulty eking out a living from the hard red soil. Producing chickens would put extra cash into the pockets of these farmers, most of whom are lucky to make $75 a year, and would put badly needed protein into the starchy diet of their families. Adding fresh eggs and meat to the family cooking pot every day, or even a few days a week, would accomplish wonders, medical experts say.

As word of the partners and the growing success of their venture has spread, disapproval has turned to approval, skepticism to admiration. An influential minister in the Western Region government came by and found the pair still in the fields after the sun had gone down. The minister was so impressed with their diligence and selfless philosophy that he returned to Ibadan determined to make their project a showpiece. Now, nearly every day an offical limousine turns off the highway into the farm. There are plans to send civil servants from all the regional ministries in small groups to the farm and have them stay a week, where they can shed their coats and white collars and blister their hands.

Officials have even asked that their sons be allowed to spend their school vacations at the farm in the hope that their values will be improved by the experience.

"So many people come around," James said ruefully, "that it's a problem to get our work done. We don't begrudge them the time, though. After all, one of our original purposes was to show other Nigerians what they can do for themselves with hard work, but we are farmers who love our land and it is hard not to get impatient when we are kept from it."

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Birth Control, Welfare Funds, And the Politics of Illinois

HAL BRUNO

CHICAGO

As a successful businessman, Arnold H. Maremont is in the habit of bluntly stating exactly what is on his mind and solving problems by a direct, head-on approach. To his surprise, this same practice in public life created bitter political confusion that finally cost him his job as chairman of the Illinois Public Aid Commission.

Maremont's purpose was to "force the dialogue out in the open," hoping that public debate on the state's complex welfare problems would cause disgruntled taxpayers to understand the basic issues involved. With knowledge and understanding, he reasoned, they might approve some of his proposed solutions, notably a state-supported birth-control program for recipients of public aid.

The politically explosive combination of a public-welfare debate and birth control, however, would have been dangerous in the hands of the most skilled politician, and Maremont is an amateur. After nine months of turmoil, Maremont was fired by the state legislature, while monthly checks for people on relief were delayed and Chicago had to prepare emergency plans to avert mass hunger in the Negro neighborhoods. Maremont's birth-control program appears to be dead and the welfare budget remains a political issue for both parties.

IT ALL BEGAN last August, when Democratic Governor Otto Kerner named Maremont to head the Illinois Public Aid Commission. For months the IPAC had been on the verge of insolvency, and the state legislature was playing politics with the governor's request for emergency appropriations to finish the biennium. An election was coming up in the fall, and every state senator or representative had a reason for being for or against the welfare bill—depending upon his party and district. In general, Chicago Democrats, whose constituents include a sizable number of people on relief, were anxious to get it passed; downstate and suburban Republicans, thinking of a "taxpayers' revolt," ripped into the entire public-aid program and its $300-million annual cost. The previous IPAC chairman had quit in frustration and anger.

Arnold Maremont stepped in with an impressive background. The fifty-nine-year-old Chicago industrialist had built his family's small automotive-parts company into a multi-million-dollar corporation. He had a business reputation for being tough and smart, and he was appointed in the expectation that he would not tolerate waste or inefficiency in the welfare administration. Though he is a person of definite and outspoken opinions, Maremont did not surround himself with yes men. His close associates call him Arnold and he expects them to speak their minds, whether on business matters or on the modern art Maremont collects and uses to decorate his twelve-story office building on North Michigan Avenue. In addition to being a patron of the arts, Maremont has been involved philanthropically in civic campaigns for mental health and civil liberties. He once was director of the Anti-Defamation League's Chicago chapter. His first venture into public life came as a businessman-supporter of Franklin D. Roosevelt in the election of 1944.

Last year Maremont made an unsuccessful bid for the Democratic nomination to run against Senator Everett M. Dirksen. In his usual blunt fashion, Maremont just walked into party headquarters and asked for the nomination. He didn't get it, but he established himself as a potential candidate for office.

Friends tried to warn Maremont that the IPAC job was no spot for a man with his political ambitions and temperament. The first thing he did was to open the IPAC board meetings to the press and public. They always had been open in theory, but in practice the board met first at a closed luncheon to thresh out any differences of opinion and rehearse for the public session. Maremont decreed that *everything* should be aired at the public meeting, explaining, "My purpose was to force the dialogue out in the open and give people a chance to understand the conflicts."

Maremont admits that he was not aware of the conflicts at the start and, in fact, had not given much thought to welfare problems or birth control until he suddenly became the IPAC chairman. "I was impressed with how ignorant I was," Maremont told me. "The first thing I learned is that the public does not

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understand public assistance, its philosophy or the program itself. . . . Our laws are unrealistic, written by do-gooders with no understanding of public-assistance problems in a major city."

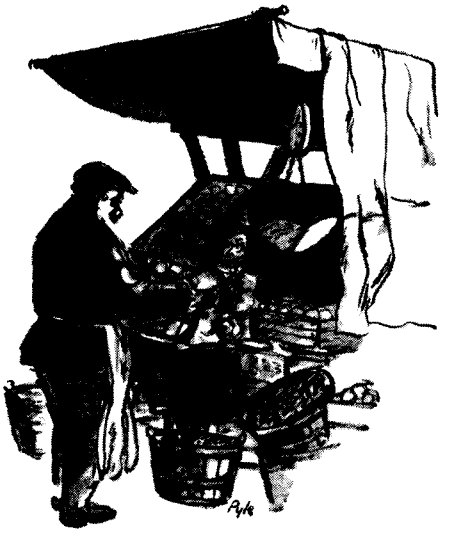
At times he clashed with the professionals who had years of experience in welfare work, but even his critics within the public-aid program concede that Maremont displayed a willingness to learn. His philosophy is that public assistance is meant to help a poor family maintain minimum standards of health and decency; but he also wants them to know that their monthly check is an act of charity by the taxpayers, not something to be exploited. He hired a former FBI agent to knock cheaters off the rolls, trimmed the IPAC's staff, eliminated duplication, and claims to have saved an estimated $54 million in his nine months as chairman of IPAC.

The Answer Seemed Obvious

Maremont was determined to get at the roots of the public-aid problem. Illinois welfare expenditures had jumped from $285 million in the 1955-1957 biennium to $628 million in 1961-1963, and the figures are expected to continue to rise steadily. Maremont soon identified the fundamental causes as an out-of-control birth rate and unemployment caused by racial discrimination and lack of education. Three out of four relief recipients in Illinois are Negroes, and almost half of the welfare budget is for the aid-to-dependent-children program. The taxpayers' wrath has been focused on ADC because of certain well-publicized abuses and the high rate of illegitimacy among families on welfare. On one of his speaking tours around the state, Maremont declared: "He [the taxpayer] feels that he is stoking the coals not of his problem but the Negro problem. I believe this is one of the great shibboleths of our time—that public aid is a Negro problem. It is not a Negro problem. It's a white problem that has been forced upon the Negro, who has become the blunted object. Moreover, it is the Negro child upon whom the most suffering, the greatest indignities, and the most severe infliction has been made."

To Maremont and others, the answer seemed obvious: education and birth-control programs for relief recipients. Plans for expanding the adult-education and vocational-training programs were included in the proposed $700-million IPAC budget for the next biennium. Maremont was convinced that without a birth-control program they would be ineffective. He concluded that "The most important element in public aid is to help these people control the births of children they don't want. It's immoral to bring unwanted, illegitimate children into the world. People go around repeating clichés, not understanding the problem, without compassion. I came to these conclusions when my nose was rubbed in it."

Since 1957, IPAC had been paying doctors' fees if a welfare recipient asked for family-planning medical advice. Maremont gave his endorse-



ment to a further step that had been proposed before he took over as chairman. The new policy would have the IPAC also pay for any "prescription" the doctor might recommend—meaning birth-control devices. Maremont estimated the program would cost $600,000 a year, but would save $1.2 million a year just in ADC medical bills. He cited figures for a six-month period which showed that 78 per cent of the babies born to ADC mothers at Cook County Hospital were illegitimate. Calculating that it costs the state $7,000 to raise an ADC child from birth to the age of seventeen, Maremont claimed the birth-control program would save $47 million in seventeen years for just one year's births. Maremont soon became known as "that birth-control man."

OPPOSITION and support quickly formed on religious lines. Monsignor George J. Casey, the vicar-general of the Roman Catholic archdiocese, charged that the program interfered with the rights of individuals, would "foster irresponsibility and a breakdown in public morals," and ignored the convictions of many and "the true obligations of social justice toward minority groups." Summing up, he wrote: ". . . we voice no objection to the non-Catholic's practice of birth control if this truly be the dictate of his conscience. However, we do object most vehemently to the use of public funds to subsidize the operation of an organized campaign of artificial birth control. We do object most vehemently to making birth control the endorsed public policy of the welfare department of the State of Illinois."

On the Protestant side, the Illinois Council of Churches supported Maremont, stating: "We recognize that the commission faces certain dilemmas, especially in its birth-control program. On the one hand it faces the possibility of being called an accessory to immoral practices and, on the other, of being an accessory to the birth of many children who will be stigmatized as illegitimate and will most certainly be handicapped in their social environment and educational opportunities; and so add to the problem the commission is trying to help solve . . . We support the commission's program as by far the lesser of two evils."

With incredibly bad timing, Maremont picked the middle of an election in the country's largest Roman Catholic archdiocese to begin implementing his birth-control program. Mayor Richard J. Daley, a devout Catholic who had approved Governor Kerner's appointment of Maremont, said that he was personally against the program. Benjamin S. Adamowski, Daley's Republican opponent, grabbed headlines by filing an injunction suit to stop the Maremont program on grounds that it was illegal and "subsidized im-

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morality with the taxpayers' money." Daley won the election but two days later the Democratic attorney general—whose office was supposed to defend Maremont and the IPAC in court—filed a brief *supporting* Adamowski's suit. Attorney General William G. Clark contended that the birth-control program violated Illinois laws and would make the state "an accessory to sexual promiscuity and prostitution." Clark also ordered the state treasurer and state auditor not to pay any bills to doctors or druggists taking part in the program.

Maremont hired his own lawyer, vowing to carry the birth-control case to the Supreme Court. Meanwhile, the state senate passed a bill restricting the plan to married women living with their husbands, thus eliminating eighty per cent of the women collecting ADC payments. The birth-control program could have little effect without including the mothers who were divorced, separated, widowed, or never married.

A Piece of His Mind

With the election over and the birth-control program a shambles, the Illinois legislature was ready to consider Maremont's appointment as the IPAC chairman. For one reason or another, mostly political timing, the senate had never confirmed Maremont. So Maremont journeyed to Springfield to face a senate where opinion about him was now divided by religion as well as politics. Nevertheless, he was confirmed on April 25 and at once set out to push a $47-million emergency appropriation through the legislature to enable the IPAC to get through the last two months of the current biennium.

The Republican majority in the senate wanted to impose ceilings on the amount a welfare recipient could pay for rent and the maximum a family could receive each month. The IPAC officials argued that ceilings were unrealistic, since rent and cost of living vary from city to city and month to month. Emboldened by his confirmation and impatient at the delays, Maremont called a press conference and angrily told the reporters: "Republicans in the Senate are a small group of willful men who are deliberately and callously holding up checks for 450,000 relief recipients. Republican senators are getting even with the Negroes on ADC because Negroes helped to elect Mayor Daley and are generally Democratic. . . . Republican senators are anti-Negro and have set out on a program to injure Negroes. . . . If the recipients were white, there would be no problem. The Republicans want the backing of white citizens who feel taxes are high, and they are using the Negro to get this support. It is cruel and inhuman, and smacks of Hitlerism!"

Within an hour Democrats in Springfield were scurrying for the safety of "no comment" and a delegation of angry Republican senators called on Governor Kerner to demand Maremont's resignation. Kerner refused, and the Republicans went back to the senate, where they voted to change their own rules and reconsider Maremont's appointment. A typical reaction was that of one downstate Republican who called Maremont "an irresponsible, vicious, and unmitigated liar." Some Chicago Democrats privately conceded that Maremont's evaluation of Republican motives might be correct, but his charges were intemperate and politically unwise. Maremont could expect no help whatever from his party on this one.

He backed down only an inch the next day, saying he did not mean a "blanket indictment" of all Republicans and that his remarks might have been interpreted in a manner he didn't intend. Then Maremont quoted an unidentified Republican legislator as once saying, "If the Negroes want their checks, let 'em go to Mayor Daley." He repeated his accusation that the Republicans were "playing politics with the poor people on relief" and ended by saying that his charge was "not meant to be a general attack—except on those men who felt the pinch for its candor and accuracy."

The legislature adjourned for a long weekend, with the Republican leadership determined that Maremont must go. Support for Maremont was not co-ordinated, and only one important Democrat stood up for him. "We all make mistakes; that's why there are erasers on pencils," Mayor Daley solemnly observed. "We all ask for forgiveness in our prayers. I hope the entire matter can be worked out."

Maremont had several conferences with Governor Kerner and asked the senate to give him a hearing when they reconvened. His request was turned down, and Maremont was secluded in a Chicago hotel suite when the legislature met in Springfield. The governor attempted to phone him—supposedly to ask for his graceful resignation—but Maremont would not accept the call. Kerner then sent a message to the senate, questioning the legality of the rules change and praising Maremont's performance as IPAC chairman. But Kerner's last paragraph read: "Nevertheless, I personally regret the statements that he made and because of his actions I believe his future benefit to the Public Aid Commission has been impaired."

THAT DID IT. Democratic opposition was a routine gesture as the senate on April 30 voted 34-17 to recall Maremont's confirmation, followed by a 34-0 Republican vote against him. The Democrats didn't even vote on the deconfirmation, and one Republican expressed the belief that the senate would have been unanimously against Maremont on a secret ballot.

In Chicago, Maremont called a press conference to deliver his final statement, which he had spent the afternoon preparing. Insisting that he himself was not the issue, he said: "While the senate Republicans clamored for the ouster of one man, the real heart of the matter has been overlooked. The issue is nearly a half million people on public aid in the state of Illinois. What will happen to them? The speed with which the senate has acted over mere words should be applied to provide money for May relief checks.

"For weeks, the Republicans in the senate have refused to appropriate the necessary funds for these checks; yet, they took just a few minutes to fire me. . . . As things now stand, the problems of the people on relief still remain. They are anonymous, unorganized, and without lobbyists or pressure groups. The only persuasion left which can help to solve their problem and meet their needs is the pressure of aroused public opinion."

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Maremont promised to continue fighting as a private citizen and thanked Mayor Daley for his public support. At the end, a reporter asked why he hadn't thanked Governor Kerner. Maremont stalked out of the room.

Panic in the Slums

With Maremont disposed of, the senate turned to the emergency appropriations for May and June. By the first week in May, IPAC had received about half of the $47 million needed to finish the biennium, but the senate still refused to pass $28 million required for the aid-to-dependent children and general-assistance programs. Republicans demanded that their schedule of maximum rents and payments be written into the next biennial welfare budget. Governor Kerner reluctantly accepted the principle of ceilings but asked that exact amounts be determined later. The senate insisted that the scale be set immediately, and there was a difference of $23 to $112 a month—depending upon family size—between the Republican ceilings and what the IPAC thought a family could live on. The Republicans also wanted a $90 rent limitation, while IPAC officials argued that ten thousand ADC families in Chicago already were paying more than that.

The issue remained deadlocked for two more weeks, while May relief checks failed to reach eight thouand families whose names happened to be at the beginning of the alphabet. By the end of the month funds for all of the 267,000 persons living on ADC and 80,000 collecting general assistance would have been cut off. Some of Chicago's slum neighborhoods were on the verge of panic. Private citizen Arnold Maremont told a reporter: "It's becoming increasingly clear that what I said at my press conference two weeks ago is true . . . . this is a deliberate attempt to injure innocent Negroes."

In slum areas, settlement houses appealed for donations of canned goods, neighborhood merchants extended credit, landlords delayed eviction of destitute tenants, and the public utilities promised Mayor Daley they would maintain service despite unpaid bills. The mayor accused Republican senators of inflicting "government by caucus" at the expense of poor children and pledged that no one would go hungry in his city. Surplus commodities were requested by IPAC from the Department of Agriculture, which rushed supplies of dried milk, rice, chopped meat, corn meal, beans, peanut butter, wheat, and flour to Chicago. There was some confusion in the first day's distribution plan, but within forty-eight hours a month's supply of food was being handed out to crowds lined up at thirty neighborhood centers.

On May 16, Governor Kerner and IPAC officials accepted compromise ceilings. Beginning July 1, Illinois' maximum ADC payments will range from $80 a month for an adult and one child to $220 a month for ten or more children. There will be a $90-a-month rent ceiling that can be raised by approval of the legislature. Welfare officials say they can work with these ceilings; but there will be hardships in the larger ADC families, some of whom will have their monthly allotments cut almost in half. The rent ceiling will create serious problems in Chicago and the legislature has opened an investigation of alleged gouging by slum landlords. For good measure, the senate passed a bill abolishing IPAC as a semi-autonomous agency, making it a regular state department directly responsible to the governor. While Republicans proclaimed a victory for the taxpayers, the IPAC rushed May relief checks to thousands of worried families.

THE LONG-RANGE effects of the Maremont affair and Illinois' welfare crisis have yet to be determined. The $700 million requested by IPAC for its 1963-1965 budget has been trimmed to $638 million by the legislature, and there are gloomy predictions that expanding relief rolls will put the IPAC in the same old trouble before the end of the next biennium.

As for Maremont, political observers are divided on whether his criticism of the state senate or the birth-control issue caused his downfall. In the past, the Illinois legislature has been called worse things than bigoted without a ripple of reaction. Some say it was the anti-Negro charges, but others maintain he really is a martyr to the cause of birth control. Probably it was a combination of everything—statehouse politics, the frustrating welfare dilemma, birth control, and the heated "open dialogue" Maremont himself was so eager to establish.

Although it may seem that little was accomplished in the Illinois welfare controversy, Maremont does not agree. He believes that much good resulted from making the public aware of the basic welfare problems—unemployment and a runaway birth rate. "I'd do it again tomorrow," Maremont said recently. "If I dramatized this problem for the country, then it wasn't all in vain."

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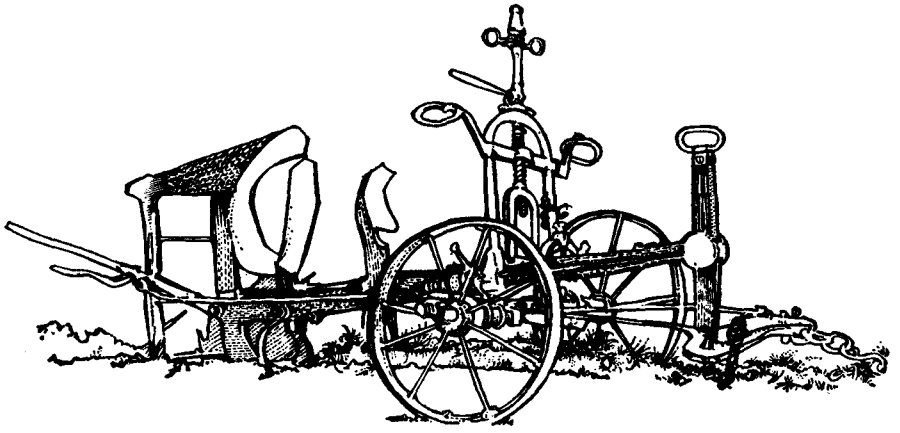

The New Life

FYODOR ABRAMOV

***A long and unusually candid short story about Soviet farm life as seen through the frustrations of Anany Egorovich Mysovsky, manager of the apparently typical kolkhos called The New Life, caused a sensation when it first appeared in the monthly magazine* Neva *in Leningrad under the title "Vekrug da Okolo" ("Round and About"). This excerpt is from George Reavey's translation, published in full by the Grove Press's* Evergreen Review.**

ANANY YEGOROVICH stood for a long minute or two on the steep river bank. Waves were rolling over the river, and the slanting rain thrashed him—but not a person was to be seen on the other bank. Where were all the people? In the fields beyond the houses? But why was there no sound of a tractor? It was Saturday, an ordinary weekday—God Himself commanded them to work. And what would happen tomorrow, a Sunday?

No, he must do something. Do something decisive, now. It was the middle of August—what were they all waiting for? This is what he would do in the first place. He'd mount the hill and begin sifting through the upper end of the village. He'd enter each house, get at every kolkhoz worker individually. Why aren't you at the silos?

The first building—a small cottage with a steep, single-sided roof (you can't miss it as you climb the slope to the village)—belonged to Avdotya Moiseyevna. It was a ramshackle little cottage. The approach to it was rather wretched and untidy; near the cottage there was a strip of white barley with a scarecrow—it looked like a picture come alive from a pre-revolutionary magazine.

Anany Yegorovich had first run into Avdotya Moiseyevna in the street. As he was walking one morning through the village, he suddenly caught sight of an old woman standing under a window—a small, almost blind old crone, with a cane and a birch basket in her hands. The window opened and a hand was thrust out with a morsel of bread. The old woman crossed herself, put the alms in her basket, and hobbled off.

Anany Yegorovich was surprised. How was this? A beggar, in this day and age? Who could she be?

It turned out she had once been a kolkhoz worker. Now she lived all alone. Without relatives. She did, indeed, have a son, but he had disappeared—"for talking."

On Anany Yegorovich's insistence, the kolkhoz management had allocated a small pension to Moiseyevna: twenty-two pounds of grain per month, and four cartloads of logs for the winter. It was the first pension that had ever been granted in the whole existence of the kolkhoz.

Moiseyevna was, of course, at home in such foul weather. She was sitting on the low threshold of a woodshed; there was a dull sound of hammering within as the rainwater spurted freely from the roof. Hearing the steps of a passerby (the path ran along the side of a fence enclosing her grounds), she raised her yellow-white eyes. A shy smile of expectation and hope froze on her slightly open, toothless mouth.

Anany Yegorovich lowered his eyes and walked past.

"Knock, knock," the small hammer sounded again. The moist air smelled of grain that had been recently dried on the top of a stove. On a wooden block Moiseyevna was threshing her first sheaf of freshly garnered barley.

Anany Yegorovich bypassed the second household in the neighborhood. A striped, rain-logged mattress was hung over the fence, and some prickly branches of juniper were stuck to the wall by the cottage steps, but the master of the house himself had been gone to the cemetery these three days. He had died of tuberculosis, choked by the August dampness, leaving four children. His widow couldn't raise them all, not by herself. And didn't his work for the kolkhoz these many years entitle him to some care for his family? A pension for them was essential. A few other people were also in need of pensions.

But, on the other hand, what was there left to spare from a kolkhoz budget? In the past year they had paid out only thirty kopecks per working day and this year, for the fifth month in succession, the kolkhoz workers had received no advance cash at all. There just wasn't any money! Maybe in a month's time they might get some money when their livestock had been turned over to the State Purchasing Organization. But for the present, they'd tighten the belt to the last inch.

Every ruble went into the construction of two covered cattle pens.

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They must be completed, regardless of cost, before the first snow—or the livestock would be stranded without winter quarters.

When a small, neat house with white casings, inhabited by the construction brigadier, loomed in front of him, Anany Yegorovich decided to call on him too. If Voronitzin was at home—it was the midday meal time—he must have a serious chat with him. What was the matter? Construction workers were well paid—and still the covered livestock pen had not yet been finished. As for Voronitzin himself, lately he'd gone on the booze quite often.

FOLLOWING the war Anany Yegorovich had become the thirteenth chairman in Bogatka. Thirteen was considered an ill-omened number among the people.

And true enough, his chairmanship had started with a conflict—not with just one or even two kolkhoz workers, but with the whole of the kolkhoz in one fell swoop.

It was wintertime, and the frost was savage. Assuming his kolkhoz duties, he had in a single day made the round of the cattle sheds, the stables, the storage barns—a difficult inheritance all this, left him by the outgoing chairman—and that same evening he had raced to the office for his first management session. But instead of a session he found himself involved in a general meeting. The office was so packed with people you couldn't even squeeze your way through to the table. What was it all about?

"It's the elections for the local Soviet tomorrow," the bookkeeper informed him.

"So what?"

"So we've come for the money."

"What money?"

It turned out it was a custom of long standing to distribute an advance of ten to fifteen rubles per voter on the eve of the elections. The custom was not a bad one in itself. What sort of a holiday could you have without money? There'd be an open buffet at the club, the regional center might possibly contribute some sausage, cans of meat, hard rolls, and other such delicacies, in which the village was never too rich—and there you'd stand and stare with bulging eyes.

But custom is one thing; kolkhoz accounts another. And Anany Yegorovich replied:

"You needn't count on it. There'll be no money."

"You won't fork over then, you mean?" This was said by a red-faced muscular man who was sitting by the stove.

"No, I won't," Anany Yegorovich cut him short.

"Well, if you won't fork over, we won't vote."

"What's this—do you vote for money or for the Soviet power?"

All of a sudden, the red-faced man smiled disarmingly:

"An odd fellow you are. It's *you* we won't vote for." (Anany Yegorovich had just been nominated for the local Soviet.)

There was much sniggering and smiling.

"Whose speeches are you quoting, Voronitzin?" curtly asked Isakov, the secretary of the local party organization.

Voronitzin—that was the name of

the red-faced man—waved his hand lazily:

"Don't frighten me. I've been frightened before."

"He's faced a German firing squad. Have you forgotten?" someone shouted from the doorway.

After they had finally managed to get the people out of the office, Isakov clutched his head between his hands:

"Do you realize what you've done, Comrade Mysovsky? You've undermined the elections. Yes, yes! Formerly we always used to report before eight o'clock, but what if no one turns up tomorrow?"

The elections went off as usual. But what an experience it had been for Anany Yegorovich on the eve. He had even scraped the money together—he'd taken it on account from the chairman of the Village Produce Organization.

And next day, a Monday it was, Voronitzin presented himself at the office early in the morning and stared at Anany a long time with laughing eyes.

"It looks as if we'll get on together, chairman," he declared as if drawing up the balance sheet of their quarrel.

Voronitzin's word turned out to be as reliable as his heavy stub-fingered hand, which wielded an ax and a smith's hammer with equal skill.

And then this same reliable man, so very essential to the kolkhoz, and, it may be said, the chairman's chief support, took to drink. Anany Yegorovich tried to approach him this way and that. "Tell me, what's eating you?" he would ask. But Voronitzin just kept silent; you couldn't get a word out of him; and the completion of the covered cattle pen was now in danger. Since their construction brigadier had stuck his nose in a bottle, what demands could you possibly make on the others?

THE SMALL KITCHEN was clouded with tobacco smoke. The white smoke hung in a thick layer beneath the low ceiling. On the table stood a samovar, a plate of rye bread and barley rusks, and an earthenware pot full of curdled milk. Some five children—each smaller than the other—sat primly on the right-hand side in the space between the door opening onto the front room and the window with a white curtain through which the village street could be seen. They sat there dipping their bread into small mounds of granulated sugar heaped directly on the table in front of each of them.

The place where the master of the house usually sat—a stool by the window on the left—was empty. A tall glass of tea had not been finished. A pile of cigarette butts lay on a tray all around the legs of the samovar.

"The master not in?" asked Anany Yegorovich.

From behind a pink curtain by the stove peeped out Polina, Voronitzin's wife, a tall lean woman in a homely, quilted sleeveless jacket and with a face flushed from the

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heat of the stove and ill-humored glittering eyes.

"He was here. A whole hour he sat about grunting."

"Is he sick?"

"The devil's got into him! For a whole week he's done nothing but guzzle and drink."

Anany Yegorovich, as if justifying himself, asked:

"And where does he get the money? I haven't given him any recently."

Polina snorted:

"Where does he get the money! Those damned drunkards have been living for a long time on the Communist plan. It's God's truth, I tell you! They'll go into a store: 'Manka,' they'll say, 'give me half a bottle of vodka, and I'll sign for it.' And Manka—at the end of the month—tramps around the whole village, from house to house, collecting. 'From you, Polina, ten rubles and fifty kopecks!' "—Hereupon Polina, stretching out her long thin neck, demonstrated how she and Manka talked.—" 'What for? When did I spend that?' 'Your man's been taking vodka and signing for it.' 'Well, if he took it, collect from him then. You shouldn't trade on the Communist plan.' "—Polina's glance darted toward the table. "See how many bread carpenters I've got?"

The children, who had been closely watching their mother who always addressed people very theatrically and bluntly, resumed their activity of dipping bread in sugar.

"Get out!" Polina shouted, suddenly descending upon them. "How much longer are you going to sit here? These brats stick around the house all day. They're getting on my nerves, the little devils."

Reluctantly the children crawled away from the table and, glaring at Anany Yegorovich, moved into the entrance hall.

"Polina Arkhipovna," said Anany Yegorovich, closing the door after them. "Do you think you know what's got into him? What's driving him to drink?"

Polina sighed.

"Only the wood sprites can tell. It's since he's come back from town that all this has happened. He used to drink before—couldn't do without it, but he still knew his business. And then he came here from town—you'd say they had put another man in his place. Are you keeping your eye on things properly, you bosses?"

"All right," said Anany Yegorovich. "I'll go back now. I'll put the squeeze on him. Tell him not to go off anywhere."

OUTSIDE it was exactly the same—raining; the wind tossed about the soaking wash slung over a rope. . . .

Anany Yegorovich turned with his back to the wind to light a match, and then suddenly straightened up. Through back ways past the Voronitzins' grounds, three women came tramping. With baskets. Bent double.

"Halt there!" shouted Anany Yegorovich and immediately clapped his hand to his cheek: the cold air had blown into his mouth.

The women darted around the corner of a bathhouse.

Without picking his way, he ran through a damp potato patch to cut them off and jumped over a fence.

"Working hard?" he asked them, choking with exertion and rage.

The women said not a word. Drenched, blue, looking crucified, they stood there with their backs propped against the bathhouse and stared dully at him. Their large wicker baskets, filled to the top with red-and-yellow mushrooms, bulked at their feet.

"Working hard, what?" Anany Yegorovich insisted.

"Well, we're not the only ones."

"If we were a kopeck the richer in the kolkhoz," Argafena began in a whimpering voice, "who'd go into the forest, Anany Yegorovich?"

"And where's the kopeck to come from? Fall out of the sky?" he demanded.

The women grew bolder:

"It's the fifteenth year we're hearing that," said one. "I spent the whole of this little summer reaping—but how much did I earn?"

"And my kids will have to go to school very soon—there's nothing for shoes or clothes," said the second. "Do you think we like to wander about in the forest? The teeth just go on chattering, and there's not a dry thread left on you. And you go on wandering. Then you hand in your basket of mushrooms to the Village Produce Organization, and you have a kopeck of sorts in the house."

"And don't we ourselves have to eat?" Olena Rogaleva asked in a rough, hoarse voice, suddenly breaking into the conversation. "This is the second year I've been suffering without a cow. Now that we have a lot of hay, I thought I'd get a cow. But the devil take it, you think I'll ever get it?"

And evidently regarding any further talk superfluous, Olena picked up her baskets, the handles of which creaked, and walked off bending under the load.

Her companions followed her, one after another, their legs a little shaky.

Anany Yegorovich bit his lower lip in indecision. Should he try and catch up with them, knock them, knock over those damn baskets, seize the women by the scruff of their necks and push them straight into the fields? Yes, some eight years ago he would certainly have done so. There were models to imitate in both life and literature. One of the books, for example, related how one kolkhoz chairman used to catch unco-operative kolkhoz workers outside the village, while another chairman had acted even more drastically: he'd break into a cottage in the morning and douse the stove with water. "That's how you should work," the district committee secretary would lecture the kolkhoz chairmen, quoting literary examples to illustrate every case. "You clumsy louts, you can't even manage women."

Yes, some eight years ago Anany Yegorovich would have put fear into these mushroom pickers. But now. . . .

He raised his hand to the wet peak of his cap, pulled it sharply over his eyes, and set off, walking around the Voronitzin farmstead, toward the main street.

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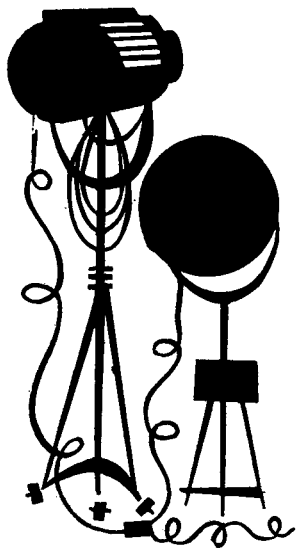
A 58-Second Film Festival

ALAN LEVY



NOT HAVING a television set of my own, I had to fish for an invitation last year before I could glimpse a shoe commercial on which a friend had been toiling. When it was over, my friend confided: "Off the record, it was a lousy commercial."

Feigning disbelief, I whispered: "How come?"

"Because we didn't have any artistic freedom, that's how come. And what a difference *that* makes! They gave us our head on the Adam Hat commercial and it nearly took the prize."

"What prize?" I asked.

Thus did I discover that an American TV Commercials Festival happens every spring in the Waldorf-Astoria's grand ballroom. After ruthless screening of more than 1,300 nominees, some thirty-five golden statuettes are bestowed upon the best efforts in such exotic categories as pet products, laundry soaps and detergents, oils and dressings, gasolines, and baking mixes. Fifteen additional statuettes reward the best cinematography, animation, special effects, jingles, ten-second station breaks, and similar creative achievements. Later, the ceremonies are reenacted and the winning commercials (which run an average of fifty-eight seconds) are screened in Toronto, Chicago, Dallas, Atlanta, and Los Angeles.

I was too late for last year's festival, but my informant told me what I'd missed: "Everybody on Madison Avenue was there—well, anyway, more than a thousand people. There were cocktails, a luncheon, screenings of the winners, a screening of the runners-up, and a screening of ten classics from the Commercials Hall of Fame. There's a big screen in the ballroom and monitor screens all around. Live demonstrations, too. At one point, they had a Dixieland band playing jingles. And a belly dancer! Still, it's no joke. The next week, Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn took a full-page ad in the New York *Times* claiming they'd won top honors."

"How about the judging?" I inquired. "Is that rigged?"

"Definitely not," he replied sternly, and as proof positive he read me this testimonial from a Television Bureau of Advertising official:

"Here, in the Festival judging, each commercial must stand alone, naked of its protective background, exposed without its excuses . . . and this is how it's judged. The obvious willingness of today's telecasters to accept such objective measurement is proof that ours is indeed a business of most unique individuals."

THEN AND THERE, I made my 1963 New Year's resolution: I would go to the fourth annual festival. I would follow the national quest for excellence to its logical end.

When I reserved a press ticket (regular admission to the all-day festival is $25), I made an appointment to see Wallace A. Ross, the festival's founder and director. I arrived at his office, just off Madison Avenue, eight days before the big event at the Waldorf-Astoria. I was just in time for the big "flap" of the day.

"I'll talk to you in a cab," said Ross, a vigorous man of about forty in a gray suit, horn rims, dark hair, and a big hurry. What had gone wrong? Ross replied by naming an improbable, but very real, filmmaking firm: "It's Ferro, Mogubgub & Schwartz! Actually, Fred Mogubgub has left them, and so they've changed their name to Ferro, Mohammed & Schwartz. Anyway, they're genii!"

"Did you say genie?" I asked. We were on the street now.

"No, *genii,* plural of genius," Ross said, hailing a cab. "They're brilliant—sort of the *Mad* comics of Madison Avenue—but you can't tell them what to do." Entrusted with the introductory titles for the festival's film review of the year, they had made them sixty seconds too long.

As our cab inched westward, Ross informed me that he had arrived on the broadcasting scene in 1948, "the last year of radio." Getting in on the ground floor of television, he had worked in "audience attraction," "public relations counseling," and "charting the growth of television commercials," to see TV become the giant industry it is now. He was up to 1958 when he left me briefly in his film editor's anteroom on Broadway. Above my seat was a framed "Certificate of Recognition" boasting that Rayco Shock Absorbers had presented one of the top 250 entries at the 1960 American TV Commercials Festival. In my lap was a brochure reminding me that panels of judges (135 in five cities) had met for three weeks to screen all nominees. Two quotes from the judges impressed me:

"For three years now, like groundhogs, we have been coming up each Spring to take a hard look at some of the flickering shadows we have cast. Each time—thank goodness—the shadows are impressive enough to allow us to face the new production season with a smile . . . without having to crawl back into our holes." And "The aim of the Festival is not only a continuing attempt to raise TV commercial production standards, but an effort to gain appreciation and respect from the viewers."

Nowhere was anything said about the great American penchant for patting one's own back in Macy's window.

WHEN ROSS RETURNED, he announced that the Ferro, Mohammed crisis had been eased

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Bearing Gifts

O six-year apparition, node of nerve,
green emanation of our limbs and dreams,
looking at us with eyes of ours, with eyes
that see we see you, with eyes we made to see.
You hear us with ingenious percussive
machines we wrought, the membranes and the channels
opening into the marvellous clustered brain.
How clever we were, not being clever at all
but only hungry and humble, mouth to mouth
and limbs knotted, passing the breath and seed
of life from one to other. Men are most skilled
forgetting skill, remembering only need,
only desire, only delight to make.

Give and ye shall receive—not ask, but give.
We gave ourselves each other and got you.
Stem, flower, fruit, you turn back to the tree
and ask the meaning and the origin.
And what is god or how the world began
we cannot answer save in children's tales
that even you can doubt. We do but feel
rain in our roots and you upon our boughs
and know ourselves a tree in a dark wood
wakened in spring by loud wings from the south.

—Dilys Laing

diplomatically. Walking east, he resumed his tale with 1958. He had been holding workshops on new techniques in the Avon Theatre on Sixth Avenue, where I used to study Hedy Lamarr in *Ecstasy*.

"I attracted so much interest from advertising," Ross recalled, "that I felt we needed a festival. Most people in advertising were so busy that they never had a chance to step back and see the field. A festival would enlighten and then send its films elsewhere for study."

We stopped in Schrafft's to talk quietly over ice-cream sodas. Ross had mastered his craft by attending six European film festivals in 1959. "Believe it or not, I learned more from the goddamn Moscow festival than I did from the others because it was so efficiently run," he said emphatically, pounding the counter at Schrafft's so vigorously that our spoons danced.

In 1960, he held his first TV Commercials Festival in New York. His budget was $25,000 and his gross (from entry fees, admission charges, and program sales) was $25,000: "I paid no income tax that year." But the next two festivals were more successful. Today, the festival is "a private enterprise co-operatively supported by *all* the advertising agencies and the people who make films, video tapes, and music for commercials." Ross has a permanent staff of three; at festival time, it expands to nine. His budget for the 1963 event was $68,000—or "$7,000 less than what it can cost to make a Ford or Chevrolet commercial."

Striding past Radio City, Ross told me that the festival's statuette had emerged from anonymity just this year: "We want to distinguish it from Oscar, Emmy, and Tony. We thought about Addie for advertising; Minnie for the minute commercial; Telly for television; Fanny because that's where most commercials fall; Selma for 'sell more'; and Shirley because it's a nice name. Some of the judges wanted to name it after me—the Wally—but I declined. Finally, we called it the Clio. After Clio the Proclaimer, the muse of history."

Just before we parted, Ross handed me a 1961 clipping from *Time*, which began: "At first thought, and at second thought too, a festival of TV commercials is as appealing as a festival of anthrax germs."

No anthrax germs, no belly dancers, and no Dixieland bands were admitted to the 1963 festival, which began at 9:30 on a Friday morning. Ross assured me that this year he was policing the exuberant agency people. His festival would be a dignified institution, not an indoor Mardi Gras. Thus, the entire morning was devoted to a "Creative and Technical Workshop" on new techniques in TV commercial sound, music, color, tape, and graphics. The morning audience was mostly men plus a few intense women. There was a smattering of busy mustaches, orderly beards, and face-forming pipes. On the whole, it was the sedate sort of Manhattan crowd that might queue up outside a Fifty-eighth Street art movie any night of the week.

Toward the end of a verbose morning, one of the many panelists —a mustachioed "creative director" named Dominick A. Arbusto—spoke out for artistic freedom and against a big agency where he had once worked:

"I lasted about six months there —which was about all I could take. . . . There were nineteen people at a meeting discussing how to show a pack of cigarettes in a fish bowl. . . . The best commercials I've ever seen were done and handled by one man. This business of turning out commercials by committee is for the birds. . . . The stuff that is on the air: ninety per cent of it is junk. I can sit home watching television for four hours trying to catch a good commercial."

From 12:30 P.M. on, however, everything I saw belied Arbusto's percentage. Various winners were screened between courses of an elaborate London broil luncheon. I had known I would be skimming the cream of the crop, but I was not prepared for:

A documentary quality reminiscent of Robert Flaherty—in a commercial for Excedrin, a pain reliever. These were *real* people with *real* headaches:

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The Reporter has acquired an extraordinary influence on people who influence everybody else.

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I know of no publication that has achieved so much in a short period of time and that, in addition, has made such an impact on public thinking.

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For several years now I have found The Reporter much the most exciting of any magazine I see.

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THE REPORTER

660 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 21, N.Y.

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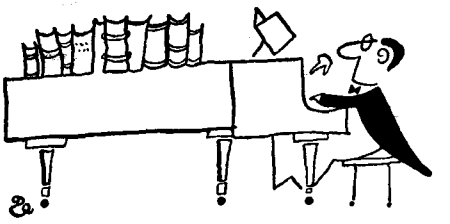
I winced appreciatively. . . . A classroom drama, in which a shabby-looking teacher (Jack Gilford) confiscated a pupil's candy and, after school let out, devoured it himself. It had social comment, poignance, wit, and a message: "When it comes to Cracker Jack, some kids never grow up." I nodded knowingly. . . . Epic grandeur in the "Best Travel and Transportation Commercial." As Suzy Parker came gliding out of the West in a Hertz rented car, I could practically taste desert sands in my Waldorf-Astoria strawberries. I stopped eating. . . . High comedy as Sid Caesar loitered in a maternity ward just to cadge Dutch Masters cigars from proud new fathers. I laughed. . . . The chic unreality of *Last Year at Marienbad,* but more meaningful in Trushay Hand Lotion's sensitive mood piece about "the one woman in five who is thin-skinned." I wished my wife were with me. . . . And at least two other choice slices of life. The technique was dazzling.

I WAS TOLD—and I am prepared to believe—that the commercials I saw possessed more imagination, humor, talent, ingenuity, creativity, and art than the programs they interrupt. Certainly, the singing commercials that won Clios were more melodic than the songs in several of the better musicals on Broadway. (This judgment was confirmed just before dessert, when some live talent from *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* serenaded us with a tuneless song.)

What I saw may even have changed history. A Clio to remember was won by a commercial called "Hey, Look Him Over!" Last fall, it peddled a product named Birch Bayh, who is now a Democratic senator from Indiana. According to the festival citation: "Many political observers feel that Mr. Bayh's 'upset' win over Senator Homer Capehart, the incumbent for thirty-four years, was due in large part to the commerical's effectiveness." (Actually, it was eighteen years.)

Before the American TV Commercials Festival was over, I felt that I had been taken up to the top of the molehill and shown the vast wasteland. I was thinking more but enjoying it less.

BOOKS



The Thrill of Recognition

JUSTIN O'BRIEN

THE GATES OF HORN: A STUDY OF FIVE FRENCH REALISTS, by Harry Levin. *Oxford University Press. $8.50.*

Some twenty-five years ago, when the initial conception of this book came to Harry Levin, he must have felt like wiring to the public a paraphrase of the famous telegram of Paul Alexis: "Realism not dead. Letter follows." And that letter, which finally now reaches us in 539 printed pages after many a draft and trial balloon published in periodicals, shows what we owe to realism's successive avatars over the past century and a half. In the meantime, from a most promising Junior Fellow at Harvard, Mr. Levin has developed—through a series of book-length studies bearing upon such diverse figures as Joyce, Marlowe, Shakespeare, and an American galaxy composed of Hawthorne, Poe, and Melville—into one of our country's most estimable comparatists and the worthy occupant of a chair at Harvard named after Irving Babbitt, with whom he has much in common.

For, broad in his scope and original in his views, he is equally accurate and scrupulous in his detailed scholarship. Prodigiously erudite, he nevertheless sharply focuses his wide learning. Despite his numerous references, he regularly shows a keen sense of perspective. And, again like Babbitt under whom he studied, he possesses a gift for felicitous phrasing—as when he refers to "the polychromatic mysticism of Chateaubriand's *Génie du Christianisme*" or, apropos of the subjective time sequence in Proust's masterpiece, points out that "there are times when Marcel seems . . . to enjoy the company of a nursemaid in the daytime and a prostitute at night."

Shortly before the idea of this book began germinating, Edmund Wilson had taught in his memorable *Axel's Castle* that Proust, like James Joyce and Gertrude Stein, could be viewed as a late-blooming symbolist. Now Mr. Levin, in his close analysis of the great tradition of realism "sustained by five interlinked generations," includes Proust after dealing fully with Stendhal, Balzac, Flaubert, and Zola. Proust a realist? Yes, for—in addition to being a poet, a moralist, a renewer of psychology, an aesthetician, and many other things—Marcel Proust, by creating such characters as the Guermantes and the Verdurins, Charlus and Elstir, has reflected our world and vied with the civil-registry office as effectively as did Balzac or Flaubert before him. If Mr. Levin felt any hesitation about presenting Proust in a different light from that cast by Mr. Wilson (of whose work his own can only remind us nevertheless), he could fall back on a remark of Trotsky's which he quotes himself: "Artistic creation, no matter how realistic, has always been and remains symbolist."

IN TRUTH, each period has its own realism, the critic seems to be saying while he traces a "special trajectory of the novel, as it moves from the Napoleonic battlefields of Stendhal toward the insulated sickroom of Proust." Zola's realism differs from Balzac's as Cézanne's does from Courbet's, and Proust's differs from that of his predecessors much as Van Gogh's does from anyone else's. When we step out of the rich collection of impressionists and post-impressionists housed at the Jeu de Paume and into the Tuileries or the Place de la Concorde, we are immediately surrounded with subjects for canvases by Monet, Manet, Pissarro, and Renoir. Yet, as Proust

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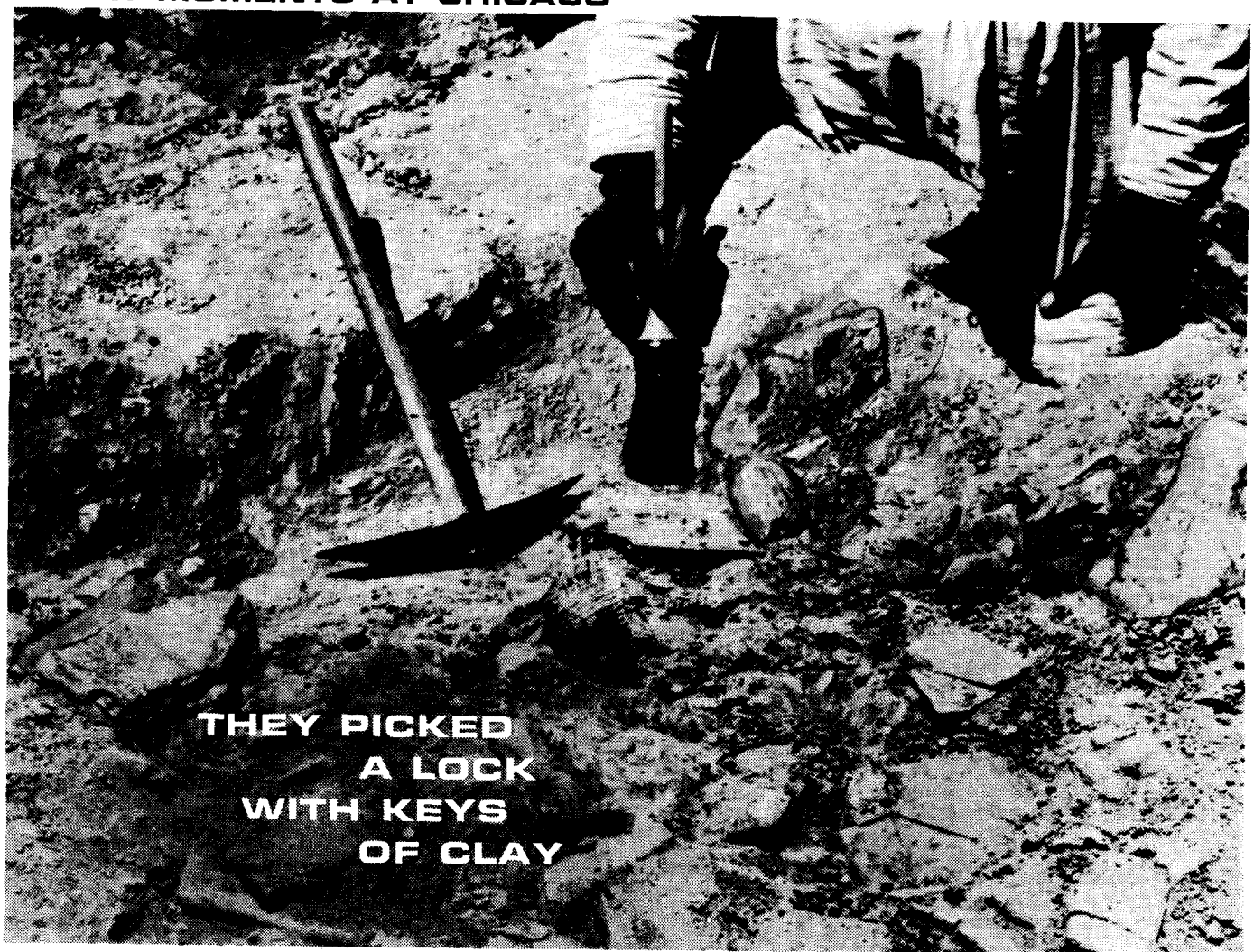
GREAT MOMENTS AT CHICAGO



In 1921, the first of fifty scholars bent to pore over thousands upon thousands of stylus-pricked oblongs of clay dug from the ruins of ancient civilizations. Thirty-five years and $800,000 later, one volume was the result: the first of twenty volumes which will eventually complete the *Assyrian Dictionary* issued by the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago. Spoken by no one, read by few, this ancient language unlocks secrets forty centuries old. We still use the descendants of the symbols on these keys of clay – man's first writing system – to record our history, our thoughts, our speculations.

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Tang Tsou. A sober and balanced analysis of America's relations with China, highlighting the inconsistencies in our foreign policy which led to China's emergence as a hostile power. "History in the grand style."–Hans J. Morgenthau $12.50

THE YOUTH OF ANDRÉ GIDE
Jean Delay. A fascinating examination of the young Gide, as a Protestant in a Catholic country, as a homosexual, showing how these problems influenced his work as a writer. "Marvelous."–André Maurois. "One of the most impressive literary biographies to appear in recent years."–*Times Literary Supplement* $7.95

GENERAL PSYCHOPATHOLOGY
Karl Jaspers. The first English translation of an enormously influential book. "A major event in psychiatry."–H. J. Eysenck, *University of London* $12.50

THE CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT OF ASSOCIATION
David Fellman. The existing status of one of our freedoms recently under attack. "An excellent short study."–Robert E. Cushman $3.95

THE SUMERIANS: THEIR HISTORY, CULTURE, AND CHARACTER
Samuel Noah Kramer. A vivid description of the gifted people who created mankind's first high civilization. Photographs, drawings. $7.95

Illustration from THEY WROTE ON CLAY by Edward Chiera, a Phoenix paperback, $1.50

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THE REPORTER Acrostickler® No. 80

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

A. 212 196 118 146 32 4 70 176 158 10 86
Where the gallery god has a place (5,6).

B. 60 224 156 208 198 80 2 210 44 16 122
The War of 1812 to the Federalists (8,3).

C. 166 215 222 11 6 134 140 112 114 22
28 160 202 66 108
A Western hero of fiction, film, and TV (8,7).

D. 221 152 46 68 14 18 92
Gave an excuse.

E. 50 188 216 182 5 24 180 74 30 194
High society at the turn of the century, particularly in summer (7,3).

F. 76 104 62 90 170 204 38 164 136 12 220
150 56 214
A popular work of R.L.S. (8,6).

1	2 B	3	4 A	5 E	6 C	7	■	9	10 A	11 C	12 F	13	14 D	15
16 B	■	18 D	■	■	■	22 C	■	24 E	■	■	■	28 C	■	30 E
31	32 A	33	34	■	36	37	38 F	39	40	■	42	43	44 B	45
46 D	■	48	49	50 E	51	52	■	54	55	56 F	57	58	■	60 B
61	62 F	63	64	■	66 C	■	68 D	■	70 A	■	72	73	74 E	75
76 F	■	■	79	80 B	81	82	83	84	85	86 A	87	■	■	90 F
91	92 D	93	94	■	96	97	98	99	100	■	102	103	104 F	105
■	■	108 C	■	■	■	112 C	■	114 C	■	■	■	118 A	■	■
121	122 B	123	124	■	126	127	128	129	130	■	132	133	134 C	135
136 F	■	■	139	140 C	141	142	143	144	145	146 A	147	■	■	150 F
151	152 D	153	154	■	156 B	■	158 A	■	160 C	■	162	163	164 F	165
166 C	■	168	169	170 F	171	172	■	174	175	176 A	177	178	■	180 E
181	182 E	183	184	■	186	187	188 E	189	190	■	192	193	194 E	195
196 A	■	198 B	■	■	■	202 C	■	204 F	■	■	■	208 B	■	210 B
211	212 A	213	214 F	215 C	216 E	217	■	219	220 F	221 D	222 C	223	224 B	225

Across

1. A president in Nebraska.
9. Made of a new material that if altered initially will stretch.
31. Slang for a Greek-letter society according to a strong freshman.
36. The 3rd word of Canterbury Tales is 4th in The Shepherd's Calendar.
42. Time of day is rosy-fingered, according to Homer.
48. Stridence without a point, etc., becomes outsides left over.
54. The home of the squire or the Roman.
61. A trial to rate students.
72. Move from last to first for most of its people.
79. True pears have many openings.
91. The garden of Sir Anthony.
96. Describing spheres that do run about.
102. A real lord.
121. Reared in bed.
126. Oriental lodging is and are, surprisingly enough.
132. Not a male cat but a small thing, now dangerous.
139. Said of checks but allowed to have one's own way.
151. Logs move heavily.
162. Love the German river — that's it.
168. Cartons? Perhaps, but he doesn't see cash.
174. Downy said of a cat, perhaps, and if at first changed from strong to soft, suggests its nature.
181. The kind of case that can never be closed, perhaps.
186. A pustule makes an exclamation of delight about a little book (obs.)
192. A term in Greek music and in one tenth of the scale.
211. The opposite of 42 now sounded without ode.
219. Marse Robert's snake expires!

Down

1. A pirate makes the tale fit him.
3. Comes close to feminine arson.
7. Sleeps for a span.
9. They are most precise, but not Scot, see?
13. Rulers of Grant's arsenal.
15. Telephone operator in the middle.
34. Giant makes tin 'at and can tan it, too.
36. A mathematician, perhaps, but a snake, surely.
40. In Scotland he is lord of 54 and the lad from Rhode Island.
42. Please do employ and dunk.
68. Measure of heat, but changed.
82. The man means I understand.
84. Cooper's famous Indian puts us around the tin.
93. An organ that's part of a needle.
103. Pointed and pat.
121. Chessmen have sees.
124. Irish name of Miss Dixie, for example.
126. Crews feel the stinginess of the tightwad.
128. This extinct bird is found in Persian crockery.
130. Uses one when used to come out.
132. Put the rod in an ornament.
135. Animals that the ram sent about.
153. A cone is found in no body of water.
163. Yes, doctor, they're sometimes called cleaners.
172. Part of the leg that's got his number.
174. Part of the chimney that's useful without us.

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pointed out, when the public first saw the work of such painters, it failed to recognize the people and scenes supposedly represented. But a new form of realism does not cancel out, or make us impervious to, earlier forms: beside a forest by Cézanne or a music hall by Toulouse-Lautrec we feel the same thrill of recognition in a portrait by Ingres or a still life by Chardin. Similarly, we take pleasure in finding side by side today a crafty Italian diplomat of Stendhal's, a crass financier of Balzac's, a peasanty servant of Flaubert's, a decayed aristocrat of Proust's, and a blood-spattered butcher of Zola's.

The Gates of Horn, which takes its title from the second of the twin gates described in *The Odyssey* (the gate that admits only the truth instead of fantasies and illusions), sees realism as cohabiting, somewhat nervously and tensely, with "the bourgeois life-style." In the same way T. S. Eliot (in a passage appropriately used as an epigraph here) discerned that "the greater French novelists, from Stendhal to Proust, chronicle the rise, the régime, and the decay of the upper bourgeoisie in France." Recognizing, like Taine, the social forces behind literature and yet fully aware of the danger of equating art and society, Mr. Levin, after testing the validity of his definitions in two discursive initial chapters, defines the forms of realism developed throughout the period of middle-class capitalism from 1789 to 1939.

Each of his chosen writers was in his peculiar way a critic of vested authority, and it is not strange that none of them was in his time favored by the Establishment or, for instance, admitted to the French Academy. First the critic traces the life and character of the paradoxical Beyle-Stendhal, the child of the eighteenth century who came into his own only in the twentieth, the romantic lover of Italy who saw his French countrymen so truly, with his "unsuccessful pursuit of happiness and the unexpectedly successful pursuit of literature," the innovator who "abdicated the narrator's omniscience and attached himself to the protagonist's consciousness."

With Balzac he analyzes "the sociologist of the novel as Stendhal had been its psychologist," at once the victim and the chief exemplar of industrialized literature, who prepares the way for the crotchety Flaubert. The author properly contrasts Flaubert's detailed descriptions, always in relation to the character, with Balzac's minute and fastidious inventories. Throughout the chapter on the author of *Madame Bovary* he pays homage, despite the fashion of today, to the rigorous artistic intentions of Flaubert which made him raise the novel to the loftiest of genres, while in Zola he sees a behaviorist less concerned "with his characters than with their characteristics."

The seventy pages devoted to Proust, long a favorite subject of Mr. Levin, are perhaps the subtlest and most satisfying in the book. While providing a general and penetrating essay that could well stand alone, they nonetheless offer specific insights worthy of the most learned journals—such as the handling of the eavesdropping technique, which has long been crying out for close analysis, or the illuminating discovery of a hitherto hidden reference to the orthodox Jewish marriage ceremony that slipped into *Jean Santeuil* without surviving in *A la Recherche.* Each of the individual essays, which will be profitably read by students of these five novelists as by all concerned with the general problems of realism, provides ample scope for the critic's marked gift for retelling the plot of a novel while interspersing penetrating comment which skillfully avoids the pedestrian résumé and his equally notable talent for relating one writer to another.

AGAIN AND AGAIN Mr. Levin emphasizes French fiction's preoccupation with maintaining the balance between society and the individual, between what we have learned to call sociology and psychology. "As the older conventions of fiction break down," he notes, "novelists must stress one or the other, the objective or the subjective approach, the material influences that surround their theme or the consciousness that perceives it." Thus Stendhal combines the two tendencies that ever threaten to diverge widely in the materialism of a Zola and the im-

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pressionism of a Proust. The equilibrium, however tenuous, between Don Quixote and Sancho Panza or between *Dichtung* and *Wahrheit* is always maintained in the long run, and all great writers by their critique of life as they see it may be counted as realists, whether they write a fanciful, heavily documented *Salammbô* or a cantankerous, diverting diatribe on contemporary stupidity such as *Bouvard et Pécuchet.*

Throughout a period that strangely seems both close and remote to us, Harry Levin studies, in the form most intimately related to society, the relation between literature and life. In so doing he reveals himself, as no narrow specialist in any of his five novelists could, a major critic eager and able to better relations between the too often divorced planes of human experience and of technical scrutiny. This important book demonstrates once again that we have survived the era of sociological criticism and the equally narrow age of the once New Criticism.

He Never Left Home

HILTON KRAMER

WHO LOST AN AMERICAN?, by Nelson Algren. *Macmillan. $5.95.*

There is a kind of book that American writers produce when they want to get away from it all, when they want to be quit of the literary racket, make contact with something real and earnest, and at the same time unburden themselves of the nagging resentments that trouble their literary careers at home. Fortunately, considering the literary dividends, it is not yet a major genre. Hemingway's *The Green Hills of Africa* remains the classic (if that is the word) of the type, and Norman Mailer's *Advertisements for Myself* belongs, in a way, to the same genre. (Mailer's own self-image functioned in that book more or less as Africa functioned for Hemingway.) Whether written out of fatigue or disgust, these books result in a blurring of their authors' strengths and a parody of their worst pretensions. At best, they are a form of griping.

The salient characteristics of such works, to which Nelson Algren has now added *Who Lost an American?,* are an oppressive exhibitionism, an extreme sentimentalizing of the real world in the guise of tough-minded assertions about immediate experience, and a style at once strident and fragmentary. Perhaps the most important thing about these books is the degree to which they signalize their authors' acceptance of their public legend as a true account of their real experience. Certainly the disaster of a book like *Who Lost an American?* is in large part traceable to its author's succumbing to a view of his own experience and values as they are reflected from his own public posture and against which his inner life as a writer now offers no defense. The result is a book that seems to have been conceived in rage but that stumbles to its desultory end in a tangle of moral peevishness and sociological commonplaces.

For the most part an unedifying account of Algren's recent travels in Europe, *Who Lost an American?* opens with a short farce on life in the New York publishing world as seen by a visiting literary celebrity from Chicago. It closes with an account of Chicago, which, according to Algren, is losing its manhood to the Playboy Club. In between, we are treated to a whirlwind tour of Dublin, London, Paris, Barcelona, Seville, Almería, Crete, and Istanbul. Except for his encounters with writers in France and Spain, there is nothing in Algren's account to distinguish it from the kind of sentimental tourism that is now the vacation treat of office girls and undergraduates. Like them, Algren is looking for life—the real thing, you know—off the beaten track, and he is a bit miffed that Europe has somehow changed and no longer provides the kicks it once did. Everywhere he goes, he opens his heart to the underdog, and then recoils like a rejected lover when the offer is not taken up with alacrity. He contents himself with being superior to other tourists, whose smugness the reader may find it difficult to distinguish from his own. Much here is intended to be hilarious, but it is all terribly sad.

For this is a book about good guys

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and bad guys in a world gone sour with money, and Algren is never in doubt what kind of guy *he* is. The bad guys are, besides Hugh Hefner and the businessmen who frequent his Playboy Club, the fascists in Spain and the torturers in Algeria; but mostly they are some figments of Algren's imagination that go by the names of Alfred Kazin, Norman Mailer, James Baldwin, and Albert Camus. The bad guys also include all publishers, liberals (especially those with money), homosexuals, and the *Partisan Review*. Hefner, the publisher of *Playboy*, is clearly the worst of the lot, and appropriately receives the most attention. *Playboy*, in which an episode from the book first appeared, is apparently the clearest and most present danger to the Republic. The good guys are few, but prominent among them are Jean-Paul Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir (to whom the book is dedicated), and the Spanish novelist Camilo Cela.

There is something fundamentally dispiriting about *Who Lost an American?*, not because its inner feeling is irrelevant to life today—I do not believe it is—but because Algren, who is after all an accomplished writer, is so utterly helpless to turn this feeling into anything but a commonplace buffoonery. Caught between his own past, in which a deep identification with the social outcast and the working class was all but inseparable from his sense of literary vocation, and the present, in which money seems to brutalize equally those who have too much and those who have too little, Algren seems to have lost all sense of what useful literary tasks might remain open to him. His detestation of the prevailing moral atmosphere, not only of society at large but of the literary pretensions to which it has given rise, seems to have deprived him of his own seriousness as a writer. One can sense the profound envy he feels for Cela in Spain, confronting the censorship, or for Sartre during the Algerian crisis, having a clearly defined enemy to fight against as a man and a writer. At home there is only the publisher of *Playboy* and the vagaries of the New York literary world.

What rage there is in this book is the self-consuming rage of a man who, having lost confidence in the literary vocation as it is now practiced in America, has grown suspicious and resentful of his readers; a man who, recalling memories of Dreiser and Sandburg and Richard Wright from earlier Chicago days, now feels threatened by Hugh Hefner. A man in this state of mind is not in a position to give us a useful report on the real world. What Algren does give us in this book is, with one exception, only a graph of his own anxieties about his current life as a writer. The exception is the clear and moving account of the author's father and his own boyhood. Scarcely more than a vignette, the episode is nonetheless the most deeply felt part of the book and has no real connection with the rest of it. For a moment one can feel the moral atmosphere clearing, the resentments subsiding, the painful effort at humor relaxing, and see a writer taking over again. «»

Best-Laid Plans

ROBERT P. KNAPP, Jr.

THE TWO-OCEAN WAR: A SHORT HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR, by Samuel Eliot Morison. *Atlantic-Little, Brown. $15.*

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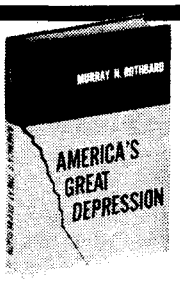

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in the Second World War has no stated thesis, we cannot read it without wondering repeatedly whether, despite the current defense budget, we would be any better prepared for another war than we were for that one. Our salvation lay in the fact that though we were unprepared, so too were our enemies.

When the dawn of December 7, 1941, broke on the island of Oahu, our navy was the least neglected of our services; when the sun set that evening, it appeared to be the least able to perform its task. Yet in that very fact lay the doom of Japan. In planning and executing the destruction of a battle fleet by an aircraft-carrier force, the Japanese were blind to the larger implications of their act. In one stroke the Japanese had demonstrated the decisive power of aircraft in naval operations, but their own strategic plans for conquering the Pacific continued to be predicated upon the superiority of surface sea power. With nothing approaching our capabilities for production of either airplanes or carriers, Japan launched a carrier war. At Pearl Harbor the Japanese high command embraced as an expedient a premise that led inexorably to its own defeat.

THE JAPANESE lost their war because of an imperfect faith in a new weapon; the Germans lost at sea because of an imperfect faith in an old and tried one, the submarine. For twenty years before the Second World War, Hitler and his naval leaders had before them the statistics on how closely the British had been brought to defeat in the First World War by the U-boat. Yet Germany entered the Second War with submarines inadequate in size and range and insufficient in numbers. Even so, the Nazis sank the staggering total of 2,575 merchant ships, carrying down some forty-five thousand men. Again, despite that disastrous toll, it was the allies' good fortune that both sides were equally unprepared. As the Germans belatedly rediscovered the power of the submarine, the effectiveness and numbers of the brave men who fought them more than kept pace.

The Russians do not figure largely in Professor Morison's narrative, but it is worth noting that they too nearly lost their war because of a failure to face facts. Hoping to watch complacently from the sidelines while fascism and capitalism destroyed each other, Stalin resolutely refused to believe in a German attack in the face of overwhelming evidence at his borders.

The American problem was indecision. For two decades we had never quite been able to make up our minds, and eventually it was left to the Japanese to force us to do so. In the 1920's we had permitted our navy to be reduced by treaty to the point where we could not effectively fight a two-ocean war, and yet we kept an inadequate navy just in case. In the 1930's we actively aided the Chinese in their resistance to invasion, but in 1938 Congress forbore to make Guam an advanced naval base lest we offend the Japanese. In 1941 we lacked aircraft-carrier forces because their importance had been lost on the Billy Mitchell school of all-out land-based air power as well as on the battleship admirals. The latter were so convinced of the superiority of big guns on big ships that torpedo tubes were removed from all ships larger than destroyers. In any event, our torpedoes ran so deep that they passed right under enemy vessels without exploding, a fact brought out only by combat, since economy had dictated that live torpedoes not be used in practice firing. The Japanese, meanwhile, retained torpedo tubes on all their warships and developed a long-range underwater missile with an accurate and effective depth regulator.

Yet if our lack of policy caused tragic and avoidable losses, we still fared far better than those nations whose general staffs and war offices had for scores of years planned conquest with painstaking detail built on the bedrock of meticulous and irrefutable logic. Now that the war-gaming computers of the whiz kids have supposedly reduced all the complexities of warfare to binary formulae, we must ask fearfully if we have at last obtained the precision of the German general staff or of the Japanese naval high command. For there is still, unfortunately, only one laboratory in which the theories of warfare can infallibly be proved right or wrong—war itself.

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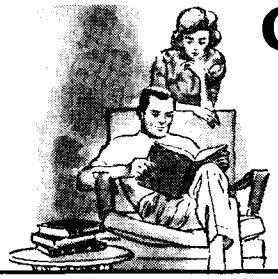

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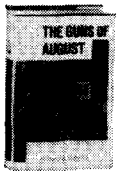

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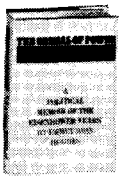

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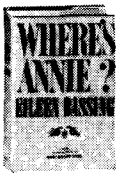

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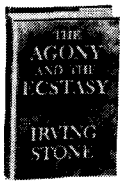

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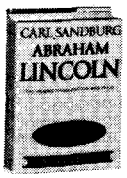

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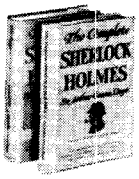

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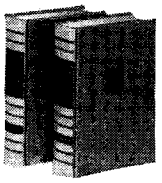

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